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RECOLLECTIONS OF SOCIETY

IN

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

VOLUME II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOCIETY

IN

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

BY

LADY CLEMENTINA DAVIES.

21505

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1872.

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LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
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CHAPTER I.

VERSAILLES—VOLTAIRE'S RETURN TO PARIS IN 1778—HIS REMARKABLE APPEARANCE—THE MARQUISE DE VILLETTE—DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—HIS RECEPTION IN PARIS—"IRENE"—MADAME DU DEFFAND—FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "IRENE"—SCENE ON THE STAGE—HOMAGE PAID TO VOLTAIRE BY THE ACTOR BRIZARD—DANGEROUS OPIATE.

CHAPTER I.

VERSAILLES was gloomy enough after the Revolution. But my grandmother in her later years used often to talk to me of its former grandeur, when it was the seat of the most brilliant Court of Europe. She could remember, not only the first coming to France of Marie Antoinette—that was to her of comparatively recent date—but the period when Louis XV. was still the "Well-beloved" of his people; and when Madame de Pompadour aided the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa by her political influence to bring about the alliance between France and Austria, which resulted in the marriage of Marie Antoinette with the Dauphin.

One of my grandmother's most vivid reminiscences was of the time when Voltaire returned to Paris in 1778, four years after the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, and

more than twenty years after the date of his own exile from the Court and capital of France. She remembered what a strange spectacle Voltaire presented to a generation which had grown up and learned to know him from his writings alone, but which had never, until his return to Paris, beheld "the philosopher of Ferney," who nevertheless had to so large an extent guided the progress of public opinion by his pen. He was banished in the time of his benefactress, Madame de Pompadour, because Louis XV. would not accord to him certain political and ministerial favours which his ambition led him to desire; and his exile was afterwards confirmed on account of his collusion with Frederick of Prussia in his designs against France and Austria. At last, after a long proscription, he came back to the capital of his country at the beginning of the reign of the most virtuous of all the Kings of France, who, from the moment of his accession to the throne, in possession of his race for nearly a thousand years, to that of his martyrdom on the scaffold, was doomed to suffer for the sins of his ancestors.

It was Carnival time when the aged Vol-

taire returned to Paris after his long absence; and profane *gamins*, not knowing who he was, hooted at or cheered him when he made his appearance, thinking, in consequence of the strange garments which he wore, that he was in masquerade for their amusement. And, indeed, they were not apparently without good grounds for forming such a supposition, for his out-door dress was a vast pelisse, trimmed with fur, which completely enveloped his frail body. A huge Louis Quatorze wig of wool shaded his thin cheeks, and the wig was surmounted by a red cap trimmed with fur. In form and face he was, as he himself said, a mere skeleton; but his eyes still gleamed with such marvellous brilliancy that their magnetic power was felt by all upon whom they shone.

He alighted, upon his arrival in Paris, at the Hôtel of the Marquis de Villette, whose wife was Voltaire's adopted daughter, and was surnamed by him "Belle et Bonne." Voltaire's niece, Madame Denis, was with him. The day after his return to Paris, a prodigious concourse of all the first people of the Court and city called to do homage to him, and the Duc d'Orléans (afterwards known as

Égalité) was prepared to receive him at the Palais Royal with more than regal honours. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher, who was in Paris, brought his grandson to Voltaire, asking him to bless the lad.

But the excitement of the reception was too much for Voltaire. As a contemporary said, the new sort of life which the old man from Ferney led at Paris, after a long and fatiguing journey in a cold season of the year; the continual efforts which he was obliged to make in receiving such visitors as were admitted to him, and, above all, in sustaining his high reputation for wit by brilliant sallies; the courtesy and kindness which he sought to show to everybody in proportionate degree; lastly, his temper, to which, for a long while past, he had been accustomed to give free vent, but which at that time he was obliged to curb,—all contributed to undermine his health, which was already grievously impaired.

The French priesthood dreaded Voltaire's presence in Paris; but, notwithstanding the various ecclesiastical designs to check his popularity, it increased daily. The cry of "Vive

Voltaire!" was constantly resounding, and "There *he* is!" was shouted in the streets whenever, with his Louis Quatorze wig and scarlet cap on his head, and wrapt up in his fur pelisse, he entered his carriage, which was of sky-blue colour, studded with stars, and drove out. "I am stifled," said he, "but it is beneath roses." And the roses were sweet to him, for he loved all this adulation, though the excitement of it was killing him.

Even to the last he was eager to add to his fame, for night and day he wrote, and he who had filled the world with his thoughts, who ruled its opinions by his pen, was feverish, excited, and anxious in putting the last touches to a new tragedy, *Irène*, which he had been writing with as eager a desire for fame as though it were his maiden effort

Among his innumerable guests came the friend of his long-past youth, Madame du Deffand. They were both very old, and she was blind. They were both philosophers, yet she passed her whole life in flying from serious reflection; while he was still feverishly anxious in the attempt to win fresh laurels for himself.

Madame du Deffand, as every one knows, was the intimate friend and constant correspondent of Horace Walpole, who declared her to be, despite her age and infirmities, one of the most charming of women.

She could not see Voltaire, but she could hear him speak. The sound of his voice, weak with age, was not pleasant to her. He could see Madame du Deffand, but the sight was not agreeable to him; for old age does not like to behold its own shadow, nor to hear its own echo.

The day at last came for the representation of *Irène*. All Paris was mad with excitement, and my grandmother, the Duchess of Melfort, went with Madame du Deffand to the theatre. Men, women, and even children, of all ranks and conditions, were there, each full of excitement, and eager to catch a glimpse of one whose name was in every mouth.

Louis XVI. from his youth had had a horror of Voltaire's writings, and he had imposed such restrictions as he considered necessary to prevent the Court at Versailles from joining in any demonstration in honour of the philosopher. Voltaire had been, and still

was, excluded from Versailles; unlike his friend, Benjamin Franklin, he was not allowed to appear there; but, nevertheless, on that occasion when *Irène* was produced at the *Comédie Française*, the Comte d'Artois was there *incognito*, and my grandmother used to say that the Queen herself was likewise present, though in disguise. The Duc d'Orléans, ever in search of popularity, was there as a matter of course; and so was Madame de Boufflers, to whom the Queen had given the nickname of "the nursing mother of philosophers."

In fact all the world was present. The multitude overflowed the enclosure, and the benches, the boxes, the corridors, were filled to suffocation. Even the curtain which still hung before the stage seemed to quiver with excitement while the audience awaited the arrival of Voltaire. He came at last, and as he alighted from his carriage at the entrance there was a general rush forward. Everybody was eager to touch him, to look at him closely, and some even tried to pluck some hair from the fur of his pelisse, that they might keep it as a relic.

When he appeared in his box a simultaneous

shout of "Vive Voltaire!" was raised; and then the actor Brizard approached and placed a laurel crown upon his head. Voltaire shed tears. "Ah!" he exclaimed," do you wish me to die of joy?" The people called out aloud to him to retain the crown, while the various titles of all his most popular works were repeated and echoed from every part of the theatre.

The curtain before the stage now drew up, and the first scene of *Irène* appeared. The play began, but the actors and spectators were so occupied with its author that they scarcely attended to his work, so that "never was a play so badly played, so much applauded, and so little listened to."

Presently, when the piece was concluded, the sound of trumpets and drums announced that a grand ceremony was about to be performed. The bust of Voltaire was placed upon a pedestal before the drop-scene, and all the actors in the tragedy, who still wore the costumes in which they had played their parts, formed a semi-circle round it, palms and garlands in their hands. A crown of laurel was placed upon the head of the bust by an actor dressed in the garb of a monk, and a favourite actress of

the time then stepped forward and recited some verses, the concluding lines of which were—

"Voltaire, reçois la couronne,
Que l'on vient de te présenter;
Il est beau de la mériter
Quand c'est la France qui la donne."

After this, each actor laid the wreath he held round the bust; and after one of the actresses had kissed it, all the other actors and actresses followed her example. The acclamations, which were incessant, were renewed with fresh fervour when Dr. Franklin, the "Liberator of the New World," as he was called, appeared by the side of Voltaire, and embraced him in the sight of the audience.

When Voltaire at last left the theatre, garlands were thrown around him; and it was necessary for guards to clear the path, because of the dense mass of enthusiastic admirers who crowded it. When he was re-seated in his sky-blue carriage studded with stars, to return home from the theatre, the horses were unharnessed, while young poets and literary aspirants disputed among themselves the honour of drawing him to his hotel.

Voltaire's success was complete, but the

excitement of it was too much for him. His physicians in vain prescribed remedies to calm his nerves. He could not sleep; and the friend of his youth, the Duc de Richelieu (who was reported to have been initiated into the secret of perpetual vigour, and to have drunk the golden elixir of life at the hands of the ever young Count de St. Germain), sent an opiate to him, with due directions for dividing the dose. Voltaire, eager for rest and impatient of pain, swallowed the opiate, but forgot the directions; in consequence of which he soon slept too profoundly for either priest or doctor to arouse him.

When the lethargy produced by the drug had partially exhausted itself, he awakened for a moment, and nicknamed the Duc de Richelieu—"Brother Cain." Then he relapsed into such a state of unconsciousness that it was with difficulty, if at all, that either the Curé de St. Sulpice or the Abbé Gauthier, both of whom were anxious to convert the philosopher on his deathbed, could get him to make a last confession.

My grandmother's recollections of Voltaire, when, between forty and fifty years afterwards,

she lay upon her own death-bed at Versailles, were still vivid. She, too, passed away. Her life had been strangely long and eventful; and when it was over, my father felt such a void in his own existence, that he determined once more, immediately, to return with his family to England.

We returned while Queen Caroline's trial was going on. The circumstances of that *cause célèbre* are too well known to warrant repetition here, but I was much interested in it at the time; for not only had the Queen been in Paris soon after the Restoration, but I remembered to have seen her during our short stay in London, in 1814, between our departure from Scotland and our return to France. She was then showily handsome, animated in manner, and altogether apparently so full of evidences as to what she might have been under happier auspices, that there seemed to me something peculiarly sad in her fate, even independently of the exalted position to which she had been raised, and from which she had fallen.

CHAPTER II.

TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE—HER DEATH AND FUNERAL—LORD AND LADY HARRINGTON—VICOMTE DE MELFORT—LADY CAROLINE M——THE DUC D'ORLEANS (EGALITE)—LORD PETERSHAM—MISS H——SIR ROBERT PEEL—MR. EDWARD DRUMMOND SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN—PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES—THE LADIES' CAGE—SIR CHARLES WETHERALL—UNFORTUNATE CONTRETEMPS—MR. O——'S THREE BUSTS.

CHAPTER II.

UPON our arrival in England, nothing in general society was so much talked of as Queen Caroline's trial, and I was told by those who were best able to judge that she often acted in quite a contrary way to that suggested by her legal advisers, so that all efforts in her behalf were but too surely frustrated.

I cannot say whether this arose from natural obstinacy of character, or from an intellectual defect brought about by her troubles; but I am inclined to attribute it to the latter, as her health was in so suffering a condition on account of protracted misery, that it was no matter of surprise to people who had lately seen her when the news was announced of her being ill beyond all hopes of recovery. She died; but not be-

fore she herself had dictated the inscription for her own coffin-lid:—

"CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK,
THE MURDERED QUEEN OF ENGLAND."

I saw her funeral as it passed through London. It was followed by a multitude of people. The wishes—or it may be the fears—of the King were known to the Ministers, and not only were the troops called out upon this occasion, but the funeral was turned aside when it reached Hyde Park, now the famous gathering-place for mobs.

The inscription on the lid of the coffin caused some ecclesiastical authorities to refuse shelter to it on its way for embarkation; but Serjeant Wilde (afterwards Lord Truro) and Dr. Lushington accompanied the remains of their royal client to their place of final repose.

Canning, though much favoured by George IV., always proved himself to the last chivalrously loyal towards the unfortunate Queen, though Ministers, as a rule, seemed to persecute her. Byron said (writing to Moore, from Ravenna), "I wont talk politics, it is low;" and as I cannot here half describe the

differences of opinion which existed concerning "the Queen, and her bath, and her bottle," and her "*courser*," as some English journalists called her *courrier*, I turn from the subject.

The popular excitement created by the funeral seemed to threaten the most serious consequences to the State. It was perhaps fortunate that the Queen's death followed so speedily on her virtual triumph over the King, for it cannot be doubted that her mere existence precluded the possibility of anything like general tranquillity and contentment.

The first soirée we went to after our arrival in London was at the house of Lord and Lady Harrington. Lord Harrington was an old friend of our family, and was very sorry to hear of the death of my grandmother, whose society in former years he had much liked when her guest at the Château de St. Germain.

Lady Harrington was a very nice *petite* old lady, but not a little peculiar, as it seemed to me, in her style of dress; for that night she wore a counterpane of splendid old lace over her shoulders. This counterpane was lined with pink satin, and fastened with a broad pink ribbon in front, and when she moved

about the room she looked like a Catholic priest in his officiating garment.

Such counterpanes were at that time much the fashion in France, and this one had been sent to her from Paris; but she thought it too beautiful for the purpose for which it was originally designed, and transferred it to her shoulders in the drawing-room. Everything, and, indeed, everybody, at Lord and Lady Harrington's was more or less fantastic.

Tea-making was there brought to the greatest perfection. The large drawing-room was always devoted to its concoction. It was prepared upon a long table opposite the fireplace, extending from one end of the room to the other. The guests were never expected to come till after twelve o'clock, when the opera was over. Upon our arrival we were ushered into this room, where tea was made by four pretty young girls, nicely dressed, while a little page handed it about to everyone; and at that very moment the conversation turned upon the Vicomte de Melfort, two of whose wives were Lord Harrington's nieces.

The extraordinary circumstances under which the Vicomte de Melfort was married to

Lady Caroline B—— have already been mentioned, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat them. But at a later date the bridegroom ascertained that George Prince of Wales had been only too much in his bride's favour before her visit to France, and that he himself was the victim of a conspiracy.

The Vicomte de Melfort was in later years a vicious and dishonourable man, but doubtless this unhappy first marriage had helped to make him so. I myself have often heard him telling my father and mother the strange history of his five marriages in the most eloquent way possible. He possessed considerable fascination, and had the art or power of shedding tears at will, so that when narrating the more romantic incidents of his life his persuasive accents almost induced the listener to believe for the moment that he had been the victim of the several ladies upon whom he had successively conferred his name, without waiting for the demise of any one of them.

With much pathos he used to tell how, when he returned to London with his first wife, Lady Caroline B——, he was arrested and cast into prison for her debts, the amount

of which it was beyond his power to pay. He described, too, how one day when he was in prison, and in a most melancholy state of mind, Lady Caroline M—— was ushered in. Lady Caroline being a first cousin of his wife, he thought that the latter must have sent her to him; but in a very few minutes he was undeceived upon this point, for when she was left alone with him she turned, and addressing him by his Christian name, said—

"My dear Louis, I cannot endure to see you in this plight, imprisoned for debts which you have never incurred, and duped by the Prince of Wales and your wife. Her love was long since given to him."

The unhappy Vicomte could scarcely believe this; but Lady Caroline M—— did not leave him room for doubt, for she continued—

"Your wife has lately described herself in her letters to you as ill and miserable, but still striving to the utmost of her power to get her lawyer to raise money enough to release you from prison. She is not miserable, not ill, for at this moment she is driving with the Prince of Wales in the park, and quite well. Come and judge for yourself if this be true or not."

To enable the Vicomte to do so Lady Caroline placed in his hand receipts for his wife's debts to the amount of 16,000*l.*, declaring to him at the same time that he was a free man, and that her carriage stood ready at the prison door to carry him away. He owed his liberty to her love, and when in the carriage with her he felt as though all this must be a dream; but when once they entered the Park, whither he was whirled swiftly, he beheld a sight which rendered him furious, for there, as he had been warned, was his wife in perfect health driving with the Prince of Wales.

Lady Caroline M——, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Be calm," she said to him. "You are not really married to her, for the marriage ceremony only took place at the English Embassy in Paris, and you are a Roman Catholic."

Lady Caroline M—— also availed herself of the opportunity to assure him of her own affection for him, of her wealth, of her desire to marry him herself; and the result of this strange affair was that the Vicomte forthwith

eloped with her to Calais, where they were married immediately both in a Roman Catholic and a Protestant Church.

They lived together some years and had three children, two sons and one daughter. But at a later date, Lady Caroline M—— had only too much cause to lament the fickle disposition and reckless character of the man for whom she had made great sacrifices.

His grandfather had been at the Court of the Regent Duc d'Orléans, and traditions of its profligacy had descended from generation to generation. The talents of his father (who was a notorious favourite of the unscrupulous Duchesse d'Orléans), including his love of splendour, were also in some sort inherited by him.

In France it was said that "Egalité" (the Duc d'Orléans, who perished on the revolutionary scaffold), was a half-brother of the Vicomte de Melfort; but such a statement belongs to the *Chroniques Scandaleuses* of past times, and more than enough has here been said to show that even in the early days of those who are now septuagenarians society needed some reform on both sides of the Channel.

But to return to Lord and Lady Harrington's, when we entered the drawing-room, Lord Petersham, who wore lace ruffles and a large diamond ring, was standing before a piano, singing. We had been invited to hear some famous professional singer, whose name I now forget, and I at once concluded that his lordship must be the great artist; but when his song was over, I was undeceived, for he came forward, and to my astonishment made me a most wonderful bow, worthy of the Court of Louis XV., in the style of which he was dressed. I was told by a friend of mine there that Lord Petersham was one of the greatest "dandies" of that day, and possessed a wonderful collection of snuff-boxes;—one, it was said, for every day in the year.

One of the most agreeable houses at which I used to visit with my father was that of the Right Hon. J. C. H——. He was a widower. His family consisted of an unmarried sister, two daughters, and a niece, who all resided with him. His sister was a very accomplished woman, and her talent for painting, especially miniatures, was so appreciated by Sir Walter Scott that at one

time he expressed a wish for every illustrated edition of "Ivanhoe" to be enriched by her pictorial ideal of "Rebecca," as she, though only an amateur, had more than any other artist succeeded in portraying according to his conception that favourite character of his creation.

I very often met Sir Robert Peel at different dinners, and I was always charmed when he happened to sit near me. One reason why I liked his conversation so much was, not only that he was very clever and agreeable, but also that he spoke French so extremely well.

Byron declared that at Harrow there were always great hopes of Peel, "the orator and statesman (that was, or is, or is to be);" and he likewise said that Peel "never got into scrapes," as he himself did. I cannot say whether this was always the case, but certain it is that in after-life, when Peel was Prime Minister, a connexion of mine was destined to be his scapegoat in a most unfortunate manner.

Mr. Edward Drummond was secretary to Sir Robert Peel, and one day, when there was a Cabinet Council in Downing Street, he went

with him thither. Suddenly, however, Sir Robert Peel found that he had forgotten to bring some papers with him that were immediately wanted; and he requested his secretary to get into the carriage and go back for them at once.

Mr. Edward Drummond hastened to comply; but just as he had stepped into the carriage, and was telling the coachman where to drive, he was shot fatally by an assassin, afterwards discovered to be a madman, Macnaughten by name, who wanted to kill Sir Robert Peel, and had mistaken my relative for him.

I used often to go in with Miss H—— to hear the parliamentary debates, though I by no means liked the place in which we were obliged to be cooped up, the miserable loft above the lustre, the only place—or cage—in which ladies were, in the old House of Commons, allowed to listen to them.

Lord Stanley's mode of speaking I especially admired. He was then the leader of a party which went by the name of "the conscientious voters," numbering about thirty members. By some it was said that these really governed

the country, for thirty votes on either side always balanced the question, either by "Ayes" or "Noes."

Among the "conscientious voters" whom I knew was Mr. Gore Langton, a most determined Liberal, who always boasted that he had refused to wear mourning for Louis XVI. when he and Lord Grey were the only Members of Parliament who had neglected to show that mark of respect to the memory of the murdered King of France.

I remember that Sir Charles Wetherall used to be most amusing to me, for, whenever he took part in a debate, he always appeared to be in an excited state, and would suddenly turn right round when speaking most earnestly upon some important subject, often performing a complete *pirouette* of such a ludicrous character that the serious and the ridiculous were for the moment strangely united.

Miss H—— had been so devoted to the art of painting, in which she especially excelled, and so exquisitely fine was her miniature work, that her eyesight had suffered from too much strain upon it. She therefore delighted in the conversation of clever and intelligent people,

and would commonly shade or close her eyes while listening to them.

Some inconveniences, however, were apt to result both from her preference for intellectual society and her habit of shading or closing her eyes when in the enjoyment of it, and of these I remember one or two examples.

One evening when I went with my father to a dinner party at the house of her brother, the latter begged her in my hearing, during the *mauvais quart d'heure* before we descended to the dining-room, not to forget to pay some marks of attention to other personages besides people of genius; for he was aware that at a later hour she intended to receive more guests than those who were invited to dinner, and he knew that rank stood no chance of obtaining her notice when talent once found its way to her presence. Miss H—— made the desired promise.

The conversation during dinner was charming. Lord Lyndhurst, who was there, was, as Byron remarked of Sheridan, the wittiest of the witty, and everything he said was the best of its kind.

Mr. H—— showed a marvellous facility in

starting some fresh but *à propos* subject whenever the conversation seemed inclined to flag.

Miss H—— sustained her part well in the animated chat that was going on around her; but at last she became so much interested in it that a strange misfortune befell her. Those were not the days of dinners *à la Russe*. Brillat Savarin had not long since awakened the world in Paris to the vast difference that exists between eating and dining. France, under the *gourmet* Louis XVIII., had learnt how in some sort to reconcile that difference; but in London joints still appeared on the table. Mrs. Glass, or her Cookery-book sister authorities, still laid down laws how first to catch your fish or game before cooking it; and how, when cooked, to have it placed in decorous array before your guests. Heaps of plates, even in the best-ordered houses, were reserved in attendance upon each successive "course," and it happened therefore that a pile of plates, which were about to be used, was placed near Miss H——, who was "doing the honours of her table."

Ladies sometimes even carved in those days. Miss H—— was doubtless able to carve ar-

tistically; but her sight was as defective as her hearing was acute. She therefore moved slightly aside to allow a gentleman near her to perform the operation, and as she did so, still listening to the chat around her, she re-seated herself, to make room, not on her chair, but somehow on the heap of plates near it. A loud "crash" announced the fact. The confusion of poor Miss H—— was extreme: for a moment she was inclined to escape from the dining-room. Lord Lyndhurst, however, contrived to cover her awkward position by a clever story, and in time her equanimity was restored.

But, alas! it was again to be upset in the course of that evening in the following manner.

After dinner, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, she was sitting with her eyes closed to shield them from the light. The Duchess of A—— was near her, for Miss H—— was not forgetful of her promise to her brother before dinner; but, as usual, her mind was running upon some subject connected with the fine arts, and her conversation took form accordingly. Meantime, Mr. C——, one of the guests, had come up from the dining-

room; but Miss H—— did not see him, although everybody else did, sitting just behind her. He could hear every word she uttered, and as he himself happened to be the subject of her conversation, this is what he heard:—

"What an extraordinary thing it is that Mr. C——, who is always complaining of his poverty, should have had a bust of his ugly wife, and a bust of each of his two ugly daughters, taken by Chantrey! Those three productions must have cost him something immense!"

The consternation of the circle round Miss H—— was extreme; we none of us dared to speak; but in the midst of the silence which followed her words, Mr. C——, coming up to Miss H——, said—

"Thank you, Miss H——; but those three busts of which you just now spoke were sculptured by Chantrey through friendship, and so cost me nothing but gratitude."

The confusion of Miss H—— was overwhelming. She made a movement towards the door, as though to leave the room; but at that moment the other gentlemen came up

from the dining-room, and so prevented her flight.

Some of her literary and artistic friends had meantime arrived; they were at the other end of the room; and she took refuge among them, seeking perhaps to escape from the sense of her own annoyance by their conversation. But, be this as it may, it is quite certain that presently, when her brother looked towards her, she appeared to have quite forgotten his request, and her own promise in reply to it—not to devote herself to talented people only, for personages who had only what Lord Thurlow called "the accident of an accident"—birth—to recommend them, were sitting quite unnoticed by her.

CHAPTER III.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES — THE DUKE OF YORK — COMMISSION FOR MY BROTHER—MOORE'S POLITICAL AVERSION TO THE DUKE OF YORK—PRINCE LEOPOLD — PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—CARLTON HOUSE—MRS. MARY ANN CLARKE—A "GRIEVANCE" FOR A RADICAL M.P.—MRS. A—— AND SIR GEORGE W—— —A BALL ROOM MISTAKE.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER evening my father went with me to Lady Harrington's, and we were delighted in hearing Moore's voice. We had just come from the Opera, but nothing which we had listened to there could be compared with the poet's exquisite mode of singing his own Irish melodies. His voice was by no means powerful, but it was a "whisper from the soul," and so exquisitely sympathetic in its pathos that listening to it one's eyes were apt to fill with tears.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and (of course) the beautiful Lady Caroline Stanhope, were there, although so different in style of beauty, yet all three so lovely. The Duke of Leinster played splendidly on the bass viol, and a great deal of professional music helped to charm us;

but still Moore's singing was the one thing to be desired above all.

Just, however, as general attention was at one moment concentrated upon the poet's voice, the Duke of York and Prince Leopold entered.

We all rose, and on reseating ourselves and looking towards the piano for the continuation of the song, our surprise was great to find that the songster had disappeared.

Nobody could account for Moore's sudden flight. To cover it Lord Petersham seated himself at the piano, and substituted one of his own songs for the melody which had been broken off so abruptly. The conversation between my father and the Duke of York on that night at Lord Harrington's, when Moore took flight in the midst of his melody, was of an intimate character; and in the course of it the Duke took hold of my father's hand, and said—

"If I had lived, as your ancestors lived, in the time of the Stuarts, I should have done the same as they did, and fought for their cause. Nay, more; I should be thankful if, at this present time, I thought that there

were many adherents who would stand through ill-fortune by our family as faithfully as the Jacobites stood by James II."

The next day, my father went by invitation to see the Duke of York, when this conversation was still continued; and in the course of it my father informed the Duke that his son, fifteen years of age, now in Germany, was most anxious to have a commission in a Highland regiment. In consequence of this frank statement the Duke of York immediately afterwards sent my father a commission for my brother in the 93rd Highlanders, with a recommendation for him to "join" as soon as convenient, and to remain at the dépôt, for the regiment was then at Barbadoes.

My brother served in this regiment for a considerable time in the West Indies, and left the army only in 1840, when my uncle, Charles Edward, fifth Duke of Melfort, died.

About a week after the party at Lord Harrington's, when Moore had made his escape, he called, and told us that nothing would have induced him to sing before the Duke of York—this not from shyness, but from political dislike—and that, having observed a pair of folding-

doors within a few feet of the piano, he softly slipped through these at the moment of his Royal Highness's entrance, and so escaped observation. "But," added he, laughing, "when I was on the other side of those doors I found myself in the dark. I got as well as I could from one room to another, and I began to fear that I should be taken for a thief; but at last came my good genius, in the form of a servant with a light, and as he had fortunately seen me before, he did not presume to doubt my identity, and so bowed me out of the house."

Moore's aversion to the Duke of York was unreasonable, but party feeling in those days was much more strongly tinged with personal prejudice than in these.

My father's feelings, although a Jacobite, were very different. He entertained sentiments of the greatest respect and gratitude towards the Duke of York. I must make a second mention of Prince Leopold, in whose company I just now mentioned the Duke of York.

Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians) was at that time an object of universal

interest; for the loss he had sustained in the untimely death of his wife, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, was a calamity in which every true heart in the British dominions sympathized with him.

I myself was not in England when, in 1813, the Princess Charlotte first made her *début* at Carlton House; but many persons who became known to me in the course of the following year were present upon that occasion, and by them I was informed that, without a dissentient voice, the Princess was hailed, from the moment of her first appearance in public, as the brightest hope for England.

A brilliant circle was assembled in the grounds of Carlton House upon that long-remembered day when the Princess Charlotte made her *début* there. The Queen, the Regent, the still unmarried daughters of the Queen, and the "four Royal Dukes"—York, Clarence, Cumberland, and Cambridge—were there; but the youngest, the brightest, and the best of all this group was the Princess, upon whom all eyes, all hopes, were fixed.

It was not until some time after the hand of death had snatched away the Princess, that

Prince Leopold could endure to have the simplest object consecrated by her use in daily and domestic life removed. The scarf she had last worn, the book she had been last reading, the music she had been last playing, all remained, I was told, as she had left them, until time compelled their removal.

Prince Leopold was very handsome, and the air of melancholy pervading his manner and appearance could not fail to evoke a feeling of sympathy in his behalf—of sympathy so sincere that, despite all changes and the lapse of half a century between that time and the date of his death, it never quite faded away on this side of the Channel.

The Duke of York had had his period of unpopularity, without deserving it; but that, happily, was past by the time we were introduced to him personally. There were those, however, who still talked of the scandal in which the intrigues of the unscrupulous Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke had involved him; but of these he was, in fact, the dupe and the victim, as the following brief outline of facts may show.

When very young, Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke,

the wife of a captain in a marching regiment, and the daughter of a tradesman, became acquainted, while residing at Blackheath, with the Duke of York. It is said that she was not at first aware of the rank of her admirer; but whether or not this was the case, she soon appeared in London under his protection; and while her beauty attracted attention towards her box at the Opera, her house quickly became a favourite resort of the day, for she was singularly quick in intelligence, and her general fascination of manner even surpassed her personal beauty.

She acted occasionally as amanuensis to His Royal Highness. Her influence over him increased with time; and at last it became only too customary for him to put his name to any papers she requested him to sign, without a glance at their contents.

Among the many who availed themselves of her hospitality was a Colonel Wardle, a Radical in politics, desirous of making some grand *coup* as a Member of Parliament, in order to attract popular attention.

The Duke of York was at that time Commander-in-Chief, and was regarded generally

by the army with a sentiment of loyal affection; but Colonel Wardle was on the watch for grievances against Royalty, and soon enough he found them.

One day when the Colonel was visiting Mrs. Clarke, a carriage, which he knew to be a Royal equipage, drove up to her door; and not knowing how to find an egress, he was reduced to the ignominious necessity of hiding himself under a sofa. It was not, however, the Duke himself who had arrived, but one of his aides-de-camp, between whom and Mrs. Clarke ensued a conversation which quickly convinced the concealed Colonel that a large traffic was going on in the sale of commissions in the army.

Here was a "grievance" for the Radical member! Without the slightest scruple as to the manner in which he had acquired his information he laid the case before Parliament, and grew bolder and bolder as a member of the Opposition.

Suspicion lighted upon the Duke of York; parties were divided in their judgment of him; innumerable detractors and defenders sprang up on either side; but at last it came

to pass that Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke was examined before the House. Her wit was in full play. Far from being distressed at having by her turpitude placed her Royal and only too trusting admirer in a difficulty which eventually led to his resignation at the Horse Guards, she seemed to delight in dazzling her audience by recitals which only helped to place him in a false and even absurd position.

It need scarcely be said that, after such vile conduct on her part, she was discarded by the Prince, who was the victim, and not the sharer, of her mercenary intrigues; whereupon she threatened to publish, not only his letters to herself, but various anecdotes of the different members of the Royal Family which she had heard from him and from others in the course of her association with him. All letters, however, which could compromise any one of importance were bought out of her hands; and at last it was arranged that she should live in Paris, at Brussels, or wherever she chose to dwell on the Continent; but on the understanding that the ample means provided for her should be withdrawn if she made any attempt to revisit England.

As everybody had left town by the end of the season, I returned to Paris with my brother, who was going on to Germany with a friend. I remained in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. At that time they had a very pretty house in the Champs Elysées, which then seemed almost in the country.

One night, when we were at a large ball at the Embassy, Mrs. A——, whose beauty, and still more the fascination which distinguished her, were inherited from her mother, Mrs. M——, was there. There was a great crowd, and many gentlemen were grouped together outside the doorways and upon the threshold of the ball-room. Suddenly Mrs. A—— looked up, and after gazing for a moment at one of these gentlemen—a military-looking man, somewhat more than middle-aged—she whispered to me, in a tone of anxiety, "Pray find out, if possible, whether or not that gentleman is Colonel W——!"

I was much surprised, as I had never heard her allude to any such person, and she was evidently a stranger to him; but I made inquiries, and I was told that his name was Sir George W——.

My curiosity was in turn excited, and upon the earliest opportunity Mrs. A—— gratified it by telling me that she herself had never seen Sir George W—— since the time when she was five years of age, but that she had never forgotten him, as he was an ardent admirer of her mother, and that she had once been present at a passionate love-scene between them —a scene that had always impressed her, when in after-years she remembered it, with a high sense of her mother's purity and honour.

The love with which her mother had inspired this man was on his side so unconquerable that the object of it feared its consequences, perhaps for herself, but more for him. She, therefore, implored him to join a regiment in India. Although for her sake he would gladly have resigned his commission and sunk into comparative insignificance, by giving up all hope of future advancement, so that he could but behold her from time to time, he yielded at last to her persuasions, and consented to sail for the distant land to which duty called him, but only on condition that she would grant him a parting interview.

She granted this interview, but she took her

child with her, and that child was my lovely friend, who was now seven-and-twenty; and she told me that, notwithstanding the number of years which had elapsed, the scene was one that called forth such powerful and varied emotions that it made an indelible impression on her, the youthful witness of it. Her mother's tears and prayers, the agonized appeals of the brave man about to say farewell to the woman who was dearer to him than either his life or his fame, were never to be forgotten by the child.

The countenance of Sir George W——, who thus had first given her an idea of human suffering, was always vividly retained in her memory.

As if by an hereditary fate, Mrs. A—— had reason to sympathise with her mother in this episode; for, at the time I knew her, a Mr. E—— was not less devoted to her than Sir George W—— had been to Mrs. M——.

She was certainly born to enchant her fellow-mortals; and she possessed a natural artistic taste which compelled her involuntarily to do everything in the most graceful manner, and to wear everything in the most charming way

possible. Her toilette was always apparently quite simple, but it was, in fact, not only most carefully combined, but most costly.

One of her children, a little girl, I took a great fancy to, and she came to stay with me at the Drummonds about a week after this ball. She also inherited the peculiar power of fascination which no words can describe any more than they can render tangible the subtle perfume of some exquisite flower. This child occupied a room next to mine, and had permission to enter the latter early in the morning, on condition that she did not awaken me. I have sometimes, when she thought I was still asleep, watched her as she danced before a long looking-glass in my room; first practising one step, then another, or even imitating one grown-up person's mode of dancing, when she would whisper to herself, Now this is like Miss Drummond, and this is like Miss Galatin, who was the American Minister's daughter.

My brother, who had remained for the above-mentioned ball before starting for Germany, was then little more than fourteen; but my beautiful friend captivated even him, and

he came to me to be introduced, and asked her to name a waltz she would be able to give him. She fixed upon one, and he was watching for his turn with the greatest anxiety, when, to his dismay, he saw her rising to dance with Mr. E——. He went up to her, and said, "This is my waltz," but they had then begun, and so went on. He left the ball-room, and in a few minutes after he sent a friend of his to Mr. E—— with a challenge.

As soon as I heard of this, I went with Mrs. A—— to find my brother, and explain that she had made a mistake, and she said she hoped he would forgive her, and that she would dance with him the next waltz, which she did.

Mr. E—— came forward in the most polite manner, saying that, of course, he would not have asked Mrs. A—— to dance had he known she had been engaged. The next day my brother started for Germany.

CHAPTER IV.

PUNISHMENT OF A PRIEST FOR LITIGATION—MY MARRIAGE—VISIT TO LADY EMILIA DRUMMOND—DEATH OF MY MOTHER AND FATHER—COURTLY MANNERS OF THE "ANCIEN REGIME"—MY BROTHER SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAST OF BARBADOES—REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE—THE MYSTERIOUS SAVIOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

MY uncle, Charles Edward, has been previously mentioned in another part of this work as having very much annoyed some members of the family by his claims.

It was by the assistance of the Cardinal of York, who was convinced of the justice of his cause, that he was enabled to prosecute them, and he came to Scotland to do so. His case is one so well known by both Scotch and English lawyers, and is so long and complicated, that I will not enter into any details on the subject.

After he had spent several years in prosecuting his claims in Scotland, and finding himself compelled to give up all hope of success, he thought the failure of his cause a punishment—being a priest—for having devoted so many years of his life to litigation.

When he returned to Rome, the Cardinal of

York was dead, having left him all he could, even his ring, as a Cardinal.

My uncle was in time made a Bishop, and subsequently Grand Aumonier to the Pope. He remained at Rome till his death.

I last saw him in London in 1823, when he came to England from the Pope with directions about the College of Maynooth.

In the same year my marriage took place, and, almost immediately after, my husband and I went to pay a visit to my aunt, Lady Emilia Drummond, who then resided at Amiens. After remaining with her for about six weeks, during which time she was most kind, we went on to Paris to pay a visit to my friends the Drummonds, and there we passed a most agreeable time, until we were obliged to return to England. We then went to make a round of visits to my husband's family. I had not seen them since my marriage, and on returning to London I found my mother dangerously ill—so ill, indeed, that I never left her day or night. Everything that medical aid could devise was done for her, but she died—scarcely a twelvemonth after my marriage. The shock of her death was a severe one to me.

My brother at that time was gone to the dépôt of the 93rd Highlanders, in the Isle of Wight, where he was to remain till he joined the regiment at Antigua, in the West Indies. For a short time before his departure it was settled he was to come to London, having to see a great many friends there, and during that time the Duke of York was again most kind and considerate towards him; but the day at last came when, with a detachment of his regiment in the *Shipley* transport, he set sail from England.

I, meantime, was left to console my father for the double loss he had sustained.

Years and years had passed since the days of his youth at Versailles and the Little Trianon; but Time had imparted fresh dignity to his appearance, while a certain fascination of manner—peculiar to the *ancien régime*, and rarely to be found among either men or women in any country since the Revolution which closed the last century in France—remained to him, and distinguished him beyond my power of words to describe.

The reader must pardon my thus for one moment dwelling on his memory, for he and

I had passed through many anxious scenes together, and I had never known a happiness in life but he had more or less participated in it.

A perfect sympathy had always subsisted between us. One day—I well remember it—he was dictating a letter for me to write to my brother, and he was walking up and down the room at the same time. I looked at him with pride and admiration, for he was then sixty-four years of age; and thinking how young he looked, little foreseeing that I was about to lose him.

My father died suddenly. Even now I cannot endure to recall the painful memories connected with that event; nor how, when recovering from the deep swoon in which I had been carried forth from his unconscious presence, everybody shrank from telling me that he was really dead.

The shock—though I did not realize the fact from which it had resulted—was too much for me. Weak still from an illness which had ensued on my mother's death, I was prostrated so utterly both in mind and body; I was so stupefied by want of sleep, and possibly also

from the remedies prescribed to me for the purpose of procuring sleep, that for weeks after my father had passed away I was lulled by those around me into a sort of semi-conscious belief that he was still alive. Whether or not I actually did believe this I can scarcely say; all I know is that, after a considerable interval of what may be termed death in life to me, I was suddenly aroused, as by an electric shock, to the use of my faculties, for news reached England that my brother had been shipwrecked off the coast of Barbadoes (this by a remarkable coincidence upon the very day on which his father died), and that until help of all sorts was sent out to him he was in a pitiable plight.

Awakened as from a terrible nightmare by this intelligence, my powers of action returned, and in time I learnt how my brother, with his fellow-passengers, had been rescued from shipwreck in the following almost miraculous manner:—

For some hours land had been in sight, and the commander of the ship had gone to take a short rest, leaving his orders with the next officer, to let the vessel drift with the

tide into the harbour. The passengers were all in their berths, when they were aroused by the heavy "lunges" of the ship, as she swayed with perilous uneasiness from side to side; and it was soon found that, instead of entering the harbour, she had run into a narrow creek..

Steep, rocky precipices rose on either side of this recess, and the commander, after vainly trying various means of extrication, and perceiving that every moment the danger was becoming more and more imminent, at last desired all the passengers and crew to join him in prayer, for the ship was going to pieces as fast as she could, and no possibility of human aid seemed at hand.

The prayers were said, and then there was nothing more for the miserable beings still clinging to the wreck to do than to prepare silently for death as best they severally could. The end of all of them was fast approaching, when suddenly one of the sailors exclaimed that he saw the shadow of something—whether of a man or not he could not say—moving along at the top of the rock nearest to the sinking ship. It was then just dawn of day: the truth of the sailor's announcement was

doubtful. The shadowy form which he fancied he beheld in the twilight hovering over black rocks and angry billows was probably but the creation of his own dizzy brain, or the delusion of his own long overstrained eyesight; but still, in the extremity of despair, a long rope with a large hook at the end of it was thrown up from the shattered vessel, and, to the astonishment of all, who had looked upon themselves as lost, this rope was caught from above, and soon they had the happiness of finding it so securely fixed upon the rocky height that it could be used as a means of escape.

One by one the shipwrecked passengers were assisted by the crew to climb by this means to the summit of the precipice; and just as the last of the sailors who hastened to follow their example had seized the rope, the remains of the ship below broke asunder, and every vestige of her disappeared.

The passengers and crew were thus saved, though in a most forlorn state, for everything in the ship belonging to them was lost with her. Some of them went forward across the country of which the rocky height they had attained was the boundary, and after some

unavoidable delay help was procured, with carts and other conveyances to carry them onwards. They were well treated by the inhabitants, though in consequence of the hardships which they had undergone many of them became afterwards dangerously ill.

But where was their preserver? Who had caught the rope thrown upwards from the sinking ship? Who had fixed it firmly on the height? Whose was that flickering shadow which the sailor had seen above him at the dawn of day?

To these questions there is no answer. A reward was offered to the unknown being who had been the means of saving so many human lives, but nobody ever appeared to claim it; and the rescue from that shipwreck which imperilled my brother's life at the precise time of my father's death is now for ever in this world likely to remain a mystery.

When my brother arrived at the barracks at Antigua he was very ill, for he had been eighteen hours travelling in an open cart under a tropical sun, with no other clothing on than that with which he had jumped from his berth.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN OF MY BROTHER FROM THE WEST INDIES—VISIT TO GERMANY—ADRIAN HOPE—BARON ROTBERG'S CHALLENGE—THE GRAND-DUCHESS STEPHANIE—ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON—GERMAN FORMALITY—THE COUNTESS RAPP—MY BROTHER'S MARRIAGE—GENERAL RAPP—LADY ALDBOROUGH—INCIDENT AT THE THEATRE—A WONDERFUL PARROQUET.

CHAPTER V.

MY brother remained very ill for some time in the West Indies. My anxiety for him was so great that it did more to promote my recovery after my father's death than all the doctor's prescriptions. I was obliged to exert myself in sending him what he required, for, as I have said, he had lost everything he had taken with him; and when he wrote to tell me how much he had suffered in every way, and that he was then almost blind from ophthalmia, I felt almost heartbroken.

As soon as he arrived in London from the West Indies he determined to return to Germany, where he had resided when he was a boy. As he had many friends there, Lord Douro and Mr. C——, a young barrister, arranged to accompany him; but before starting on his journey he went to pay a visit to Mrs. Hope, afterwards Viscountess Beresford, at Deepdene,

and she requested him to allow her son Adrian Hope, who was only sixteen years of age, to be of the travelling party.

My brother consented; and after a short stay at Paris, went on with his three companions to Carlsruhe, where they dined daily at the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel at which they had taken up their temporary abode.

Opposite to them at dinner the Baron von Rotberg was upon one occasion seated, and by his side appeared the young Baroness L——, who was so charming to look at that Adrian Hope could not refrain from "staring at her *à l'Anglaise.*" After dinner, the poor boy was still doubtless thinking of the fascinations of the fair foreigner, when he received a note containing a challenge from Baron von Rotberg. This challenge he forthwith showed to my brother, who, knowing that of all things Mrs. Hope had dreaded a duel for her son during his travels—for in those days English people fancied that all foreigners were more or less combative—advised his young friend to explain that he was only sixteen years of age, and to make an apology; but Lord Douro was of a

different opinion, and declared that the challenge ought to be accepted.

A meeting of all the English gentlemen then at Carlsruhe was convened, in order to determine what ought to be done. At last the offender, explaining that he had meant nothing insulting to Baron von Rotberg, but had only been guilty of involuntary admiration of a lovely lady sitting opposite to him, sent an apology to Baron von Rotberg, which was accepted.

From that time forth a great friendship ensued between my brother and the Baron von Rotberg, and at a later date in the same year the former became the guest of the latter at Rheinweiller.

Before leaving Carlsruhe, however, my brother renewed his acquaintance with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, who was a most charming and accomplished woman, but whose life had been somewhat clouded by misfortune, for she had lost two sons whom she dearly loved.

Napoleon I. was one of the many men of her time who held the Grand Duchess Stéphanie in high appreciation, and in gratitude

to his memory she was wont to recount how, upon one Court occasion, he, finding her in an ante-room, and asking her why she was standing upon the outer side of the charmed circle, answered, "Sire, I am waiting for the Princess ——."

Whereupon the Emperor said to her, "Henceforth *you* shall not wait in an ante-room, for from this day I create you a Princess; so now you can accompany the lady of that rank of whom you speak, wherever she goes."

One day when my brother was sitting with the Grand Duchess in her boudoir, she was summoned, with all the formality duly observed at small German Courts, to give audience to some one who had just arrived, and who was awaiting her presence in the reception-room adjoining.

The doors being flung open, my brother, still standing in the boudoir, recognised several persons known to him in the adjoining apartment, and, therefore, ventured to follow the Grand Duchess as she made her way towards them. When she observed this, she turned round upon him, made a haughty bow, and

though she had been chatting familiarly with him not a minute before, she now asked, in a tone of displeasure, "Why do you follow me?"

He replied, in a low voice, bowing, that, having caught sight of various persons known to him, and being quite sure that they also had recognised him, he thought it was the best thing he could do; and scrupulously placed himself at the other side of the room from that occupied by the Grand Duchess.

Long after that day, their friendship remained unimpaired; and, meantime, my brother formed ties which helped to attach him strongly to Germany, for upon arriving on his promised visit to the Baron von Rotberg at Rheinweiller, he was introduced to the Baron's sister, the Countess Rapp, widow of the celebrated General Count Rapp, who was held in such high esteem by Napoleon I., that he was the only person ever willingly allowed by His Majesty to be represented with him in a picture on horseback.

The Countess Rapp was still quite young when my brother was first introduced to her at Rheinweiller; and so great was the impression she made upon him that he soon

began to dread the time when, his visit over, he should have to bid her farewell.

Whether partly from this dread I cannot say, but he had not long been the guest of her brother and herself before he was taken seriously ill.

The Countess had two children, a son and daughter; and almost immediately after my brother was declared convalescent, her son became alarmingly ill, and died. The child, according to a strange German custom, was, arrayed in his robes as a peer of France, and numbers of visitors were admitted to see him as he lay, thus decked out, ready for his burial. Upon one of his fingers a costly ring was placed by his little sister Matilda; and this, too, went down into the grave with the dead boy.

Countess Rapp observed a strict seclusion for some months after the loss of her son; but in the month of January, 1829, my brother, who had never ceased to think of her with admiration, met her in Paris.

It was a gay season just then, even for that gayest of cities; but although a year had elapsed since the decease of her son, Coun-

tess Rapp declined at first to make her appearance at any of the balls at the Tuileries or elsewhere.

At a somewhat later date, however, she was persuaded gradually to re-enter society, and it may well be presumed that my brother was not without his share in bringing about this desirable result, for in the early part of the year 1831 they were married.

General Rapp had been aide-de-camp to Napoleon, who, even in his last days at St. Helena, still spoke of his courage on the field of battle with admiration. After the second exile of Napoleon, this brave officer was one of the chief gentlemen of the Chamber to Louis XVIII.; but so attached was he to the memory of the ex-Emperor that he did not long survive him. Louis XVIII. always respected him for his fidelity to Napoleon.

My sister-in-law was one of the most lovely and amiable persons imaginable. A mere catalogue of charms gives no adequate idea of the individuality of their possessor; but I may as well say that her face was illumined by eyes which were brilliant in expression, and in colour were of a deep

blue. These wonderful eyes of hers were shaded by eyelashes long and dark, which contrasted singularly with her extremely fair complexion. In figure she was tall and graceful. Her age was about thirty; but though she had known much trouble, her manner was so youthful that anybody, not being aware of her history, would have supposed that she was much younger. Her hair was of a light brown colour; and, unlike many women possessed of much personal beauty, she had the good sense, and the good taste, to dress herself to perfection. Her first husband must have been an extraordinary man; although I verily believe her second husband to have been her first love. General Rapp, a man of nearly fifty years of age, and a hero, had married her when she was a girl of seventeen. She had been brought up in a convent in Paris, and it was owing to the wish of her family that she consented to her first marriage.

My brother came to London with his wife, after they had paid a round of visits to her relations in Germany. They came to Mivart's Hotel, in Brook Street.

Lady Aldborough had a small house adjoin-

ing, and at that time we had also, in Brook Street, a corner house exactly opposite to hers.

Lady Aldborough was in bad health, so ill, indeed, that a consultation of doctors was held, when they asked her if her children should be sent for.

She, of course, immediately knew what that meant, and said, "Now, doctors, from what you say I see you think I am dying; but I assure you I feel so much life in me that I cannot die, therefore pray give me everything you can to revive me, for I know I shall recover." And it was quite true. She did recover, and lived a great many years after.

During their stay in town I remember going to the theatre with my brother and his wife on an occasion when a Bonapartist play (I forget its name) was performed, in which Count Rapp was represented. The part of the general, as played in that piece, was founded on historical fact. When Napoleon returned to France, after his escape from Elba, Rapp met him, and said,—

"Sire, my attachment to your Majesty is always the same. But you desired me to take

the oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII. I have obeyed you in so doing, and therefore I did not go forth to meet you, as I should otherwise have done."

The audience loudly applauded the sentiments of the fictitious General Rapp; but for my sister-in-law, once the wife of the real General Rapp, the representation of the scene before her was extremely painful.

After she had arrived at convalescence, Lady Aldborough was ordered change of air, and settled to travel abroad. Just as she was starting she sent me a beautiful little parroquet to take care of for her during her absence. I was delighted to have it, as I had often admired it very much.

It was of a finely shaded green, with a red cravat, having a black edge on each side. Its tail was immensely long, of different shades of blue and green.

The sagacity and affection of this little bird were very remarkable; for it not only talked, but it talked sense.

I could always make it repeat one of its stories or songs by showing it a little looking-

glass, when it would immediately seem to clear its throat and begin.

One of its favourite performances was a conversation supposed to be held outside a door. It would knock with its beak on the glass, and call out, "François." Then in a gruff voice it would answer as if behind the door, "Plait-il?" Again, in the same voice as at first, it would say, "Ouvrez la porte," to which it would reply in a very gruff voice, "Je ne peux pas. Frappez, frappez, frappez fort," and would knock with its beak with all its might as if in a great rage. After that, as if it had entered the room at the door of which it had pretended to knock, it would sing,—

"Quand je bois du vin du Rhin,
Tout tourne au cabaret,
Tout tourne au cabaret,"

which is a French soldiers' drinking song.

I used to take it out for walks in Kensington Gardens, when it would fly from branch to branch, always keeping me in sight, and would immediately come down at my call, and perch upon my shoulders. After I had had it for a few months I became so much attached to it that I could not bear the idea of parting

with it, for not only did I take it out walking, but I also took it in my drives.

When at home, though, of course, it had a perch, it would always come and sit either on my head or my finger, and at dinner would fly on to the table, and taste everything. If it liked it, it would exclaim, "That is good, very good," turning up its eyes in a most wonderful manner.

One day my husband took it on his finger from the perch, as if he was going to bring it to me. The little thing spread out its wings quite pleased, and then in fun, to tease it, my husband moved back towards the perch. Quick as thought, the bird resented the insult, flew in his face, and caught hold of his lip, giving him so much pain that he flung it right across the room against the wall. I thought it was killed, when the enraged parroquet came scuttling along the floor, with its wings extended, swearing most dreadfully.

I took it up in my arms. It was very much hurt; but it managed to maintain a volley of abuse, both in French and English, for at least a quarter of an hour. The bird never would go to my husband again, it was so offended.

When Lady Aldborough returned to London she sent to ask for the bird. I was much distressed at its leaving me. I missed it very much for the first few days; at the end of which time I went all over London to look for one as like it as possible. At last I succeeded in finding one, though it was rather larger, and after I had had it a little while, it also became very tame, and much attached to me.

In about two months Lady Aldborough wrote to me to tell me she feared her bird was dying, as it would neither eat nor drink, and seemed to be literally moping itself to death; and she wanted to know what I had done to it, that she might adopt the same measures.

After a week she sent to tell me that nothing she could do to the bird in the least changed its melancholy condition.

Lady Aldborough wanted very much to ascertain if the little thing was pining for me, so she begged me to come and see her, but to keep a thick veil over my face, and not to speak when I came into the room, and await the result.

I went, and the drawing-room door had

hardly closed behind me, when the bird lifted its head and flew towards me; but it was either so weak, or its joy was so overpowering, that it fell insensible at my feet. I lifted it up and as soon as it recovered enough, it began talking to me in an excited manner, confusing all its stories and songs together. I petted it as much as possible, holding it close to me, and then Lady Aldborough said, "I have often witnessed great affection in animals, but I never saw anything to equal this. So, my dear friend, accept the bird, for I could not bear to see it die, and I feel sure it would if it did not go back to you."

I was very much pleased to have my little pet back again, and in a few weeks it quite recovered, but it was so very jealous of the parroquet I had bought in its absence that I was obliged to send the latter out of my room.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES X.—DUCHESSE DE BERRY—BAL COSTUME AT THE TUILERIES—THE DUKE OF HAMILTON—REVOLUTION OF JULY, 1830—DUC DE BORDEAUX—THE DETHRONED KING—THE DUCHESSE DE BERRY'S SECOND MARRIAGE—THE PALAIS ROYAL—THE "LITTLE COTERIE" OF LONDON—PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION—POLITICAL ANTIQUITY—THE DUC AND DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the time of which I shall now speak Charles X. was still upon the throne of France. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, as his daughter-in-law, had become Madame la Dauphine, and her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Berry, had long since thrown off her weeds of widowhood, had permitted her fair hair to grow again into luxuriance, and was devoted to the interests of her son, the Duc de Bordeaux, now better known as the Comte de Chambord. Both at the Tuileries and at the Palais Royal, grand fêtes were then the fashion. The King of Naples, brother of the Duchesse d'Orléans (afterwards Marie Amélie, Queen of the French), and father of the Duchesse de Berry, had lately arrived in Paris, after arranging a marriage between his other daughter, Christina of Naples, and Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

When the Duchesse de Berry had last seen her Neapolitan relatives, she was a bride, and now she was the widowed mother of the heir to the French throne. It is, therefore, not impossible that the memory of the dark tragedy through which she had passed since the time when she had first arrived in France—the memory of the Duc de Berry's assassination—may have helped to decide her choice as to the character she assumed on the occasion of the *bal costumé*, one of the most splendid, perhaps, which had ever been given at the Tuileries, when she represented Mary Queen of Scots.

Lady Stuart, the ambassadress, represented Marie de Guise. My brother belonged to Lady Stuart's Court, as also did Lord Douglas, who went as Earl of Arran. Lord Aboyne appeared as Lord Huntley, the Duke of Hamilton went as Duc de Chatelhérault. My brother represented Lord Drummond.

All the English ladies then in Paris joined Lady Stuart's suite, and nothing could look more charming than the different quadrilles, with the ladies in dresses of the several countries which they represented.

A singular circumstance was that the Duke of Hamilton, as Duc de Chatelhérault, had to take the Duchesse de Berry, as Mary Queen of Scots, down to supper, his title as Duc de Chatelhérault being that of the premier Duke of France.

At the Palais Royal, before the days of July, a great many English used to assemble. My brother was in the habit of meeting there several friends of his who were known as belonging to what at that time was called in Paris "the little coterie" of London.

But in Paris people were then dancing on a volcano, and it was during one of the magnificent entertainments given by Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans—so soon to become King of the French—that signs of political uneasiness began to show themselves palpably in the midst of fêtes.

One night, in the language of a contemporary writer, two kings (those of France and Naples) were at the Palais Royal, the vast salons of which were thronged by Princes, Princesses, illustrious chiefs of the army, the powers of the tribune, of the Ministry and the Opposition, of the Left, the Right, and the Centres.

The terraces, covered with fragrant orange trees and flowers of every description, seemed to continue the salons by hanging gardens. The Palais Royal resembled an enchanted palace; its brilliant illumination was visible from afar. At nine o'clock in the evening, the King of France, the King and Queen of Naples, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, the Duchesse de Berry, and the Prince of Salerno arrived at the Palace. They were received at the foot of the grand staircase by the Duc d'Orléans, and his two sons, the Ducs de Chartres and de Nemours. But in the midst of this atmosphere of light, flowers, and harmony, the King was thinking of his fleet, which he hoped was about to conquer a kingdom. He advanced to an open window, and looking up at the calm sky, said to some in attendance on him,—

"Gentlemen, this is fine weather for my Algerine fleet; at this moment my army must be on the coast of Africa!"

While the King was uttering these words, other guests at the Palais Royal were discussing many vexed questions. Dancing was going on, and the younger and lighter-hearted

were only thinking of pleasure, but grave and anxious men were talking politics under cover of the music from the orchestra. That some great crisis was at hand few of the thoughtful doubted; and the belief was openly expressed. There was a disturbance in the gardens of the Palais Royal that night. "Shrubs were torn up by the roots, the chairs outside the cafés were piled up, and a bonfire was lighted with them. The glare of the flames outside caused some alarm within the palace, which was supposed by a few of the guests to be on fire. The King, however, looking down from the height of the terrace, beheld indeed the commotion beneath; but he was still inclined to talk of the conquest of Algiers.

"When, a short time afterwards, the news of this conquest reached Paris, the populace received it with indifference. The Ministry was becoming so unpopular, that even victory achieved under its auspices failed to rouse enthusiasm. The Opposition was making great progress."

When at last the Revolution of July broke out, the whole of the Royal Family was at St. Cloud, with the exception of the Dau-

phiness. She was at Dijon, and only returned towards the close of the crisis. How little the Royal Family suspected that that crisis was so near at hand may well be inferred from her absence. The King was slow to understand that the Monarchy was in imminent danger, although he and those about him were seized with consternation when, on the 27th, towards evening, the news reached St. Cloud that blood was flowing in the streets of Paris; and that the populace, seeking arms, had found them in the gunsmiths' shops, and, as some declared, by the assistance of the National Guard. M. de Nettement, an adherent of the Bourbons, best tells what was going on at St. Cloud, while, on the 30th, Marshal Marmont was obliged to evacuate the Tuileries, and to retreat by the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne towards St. Cloud, where the Ministers arrived in two carriages, under the escort of squadrons of Lancers. About two o'clock on that day, the Dauphin went to meet the troops returning from Paris. The rumour spread that the King had abdicated in his favour. This measure might have still preserved the Crown if it had

been taken a day earlier. But the time had past.

Although fighting was going on in Paris, and the lower atmosphere there was obscured by smoke during the three terrible days of July, the sky above was clear. On the 29th, the Duchesse de Berry, standing at an open upper window of the Château of St. Cloud, was directing a telescope towards Paris, when suddenly she saw through it that the white banner of the Bourbons lately floating on the summit of the Tuileries had been replaced by a tri-coloured flag.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" she cried. "Je vois le drapeau tricolore."

The mother of the heir to the Throne was thus the first to announce the fall of his dynasty. Her son, meantime, wondered at the preoccupation of all around him. The King, his grandfather, had not summoned him to his presence at the usual hour; his studies were neglected; nobody had offered to take him out for his usual exercise.

That evening his mother's anxiety prevented her from bestowing her usual caresses on

him; but at last her attention was painfully roused by his saying,—

"Ah! I have lost many things since yesterday."

The Duc de Bordeaux—Comte de Chambord—was at that time ten years of age. His mother vehemently desired to show herself in Paris, and there plead his cause; but Charles X. would not consent to this; and the Dauphiness, who had just returned from Dijon, likewise opposed the arguments urged by the Duchesse de Berry with regard to making an appeal to the people in behalf of her son. The aged monarch was naturally alarmed for the safety of his grandchild.

"Well, I will not take Henri with me," she said; "I will go alone—I will go alone to Paris."

The Duc de Bordeaux and his sister were the objects of their grandfather's especial solicitude.

To the last, the old King—the gay Comte d'Artois of the time of my own father's youth at the Court of Versailles—liked his rubber of whist at night, in company with some of his faithful adherents, while the ex-Dauphiness

of France sat working clothes for the poor, in the midst of her ladies; but, from the ex-Dauphin downwards, nobody ever entered or quitted the presence of the dethroned monarch without the special marks of respect due, according to the custom of the *ancien régime*, to a crowned head.

The Duchesse de Berry was not resident with her children in the midst of the circle at Prague and elsewhere, for her marriage with the Comte Lucchesi Pauli, of which readers need scarcely be reminded, had at length been openly acknowledged, and other children claimed her care.

Heroically, however, had she suffered in her struggles to restore the Crown of France to her son, the Duc de Bordeaux; and in proportion to her efforts for his cause in La Vendée and elsewhere, she was respected, despite her second marriage, by the exiled Royal Family of France.

But the Dauphiness had more reason to shudder at the ghastly memories recalled to her by the very name of a French Revolution; and she aided the King, on the occasion to which I have referred above, in compelling the Duchesse

de Berry to abandon the idea of entering the capital in the state of insurrection in which it then was. Both these Princesses—granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa—inherited the courage of their ancestress. The Duchesse de Berry afterwards proved this to be the fact in her case by the efforts she made to regain the Throne for her son; but the Dauphiness was not a mother, and she had out-suffered ambition.

Of all the Royal Family in 1830, she alone remembered the storming of the Tuileries in 1792, and the terrific series of events consequent on the fatal 10th of August, when she fled from that Palace with her parents. Her uncle, the King in 1830, was then an emigrant; and so also was her husband. And here it may be remarked that Lafayette, whom in the first Revolution, in which her parents had perished, she had been taught to distrust, had now—in 1830—emerged from comparative retirement, and was—at seventy-two years of age—again appointed Commander of the National Guard.

At the taking of the Tuileries in 1830, a

recess in the King's private apartment there is reported to have been discovered filled with sacerdotal appliances, among which was a shirt of coarse grey cloth, with an iron collar, similar to those worn, attached to the neck, by criminals, also a hair-cloth with which the King was wont to lacerate his flesh. "Such," exclaims an anonymous Anti-Royalist, "were the occupations—diversified by hunting—of the man who sat on the throne of Napoleon!" It is even asserted that the King had by a *lettre close* been consecrated a Bishop by the Pope, and was, therefore, qualified to assist in religious offices as an ecclesiastic.

Political antipathy has, no doubt, exaggerated many facts in the later life of Charles X.; but there is no doubt that, however scoffed at and reviled by his enemies, his private conduct was that of a penitent, though in obedience to the Church, and in unison with the traditions of his race, he arrogated to himself the power of an absolute King.

His son, the Dauphin, was not permitted by him to return to Paris when the Revolution of 1830 declared itself; but the King still hoped with his concurrence to save the Crown

for his grandson. The Lieutenant-Generalship of the Kingdom was conferred on the Duc d'Orléans by a letter from the King, announcing his abdication in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux; which letter was also signed by the Dauphin, who thereby renounced his right of succession. This letter was dated from Rambouillet. "*On s'éloignait en traitant!*"—a mistake most deeply lamented by the Duchesse de Berry. Even St. Cloud was too far for the King to make his voice heard in Paris while cannons were roaring; and Rambouillet was still more distant.

The Duc d'Orléans was popular enough in Paris; but his consort, Marie Amélie, niece to Queen Marie Antoinette, cousin of the Dauphiness, and aunt to the Duchesse de Berry, with unselfish loyalty bewailed her own fate, when, by the voice of the people, she was proclaimed Queen of the French.

Charles X. and his family now directed their course towards Cherbourg. To retreat whilst endeavouring to obtain terms from, or treat with his adversaries, was, as beforesaid, a fatal mistake, of which the unfortunate king was poignantly convinced, when, on the 10th

of August, the intelligence overtook him that his abdication and the resignation of his son to all right to the Crown, in favour of his grandson, had only helped to place the Duc d'Orléans on the throne.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO CHEPSTOW—CARRIAGE ACCIDENT—A STAGE-COACH CONVERSATION—A HAUNTED HOUSE—LORD ERSKINE'S GHOST STORY—THE BROKEN HEART—MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER—MISS STEPHENS—REMINISCENCES OF PRINCESS VICTORIA—AFFAIRE DE CŒUR OF A CABINET MINISTER.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the season was over my brother and his wife went to Germany, and I accompanied my husband on a visit to his mother. With her we remained a month, and after that we proceeded into Monmouthshire to pay a visit to my brother-in-law and his wife.

My brother-in-law, the Vicar of Chepstow, was resident at that place, and we determined to drive thither in an open carriage, calling for him on our way at Penmoil (a lovely place belonging to his wife's mother), where he had been making a short stay.

A grand ball was to be given at Chepstow on our arrival, but it was with difficulty that we reached there in time for it, as an accident happened to our carriage when we were at some distance from Penmoil, and we were compelled to conclude the remainder of our journey in a stage-coach.

Until then I had never been in a vehicle of this description, and as there was only one vacant place inside, my husband warned me, when he placed me in it, before himself "vaulting aloft" to the roof, not on any account to get into conversation with my fellow-passengers.

One of these, however, a lady, when we were once fairly on our road, seemed very desirous to enter into conversation with me, her wish to talk being apparently excited by her sense of locomotion, and without the least suspecting who I was, she began to give her opinions pretty plainly about my husband's family, not excluding myself.

"Ah!" said she, in the course of these confidences, "the Vicar of Chepstow astonished us very much indeed by his marriage, for he had been flirting with two ladies, and we did not know which he would propose to; and after all he has not married any beauty at all, but she has money. We call the Vicar," she went on, "the dancing, whist-playing, and fox-hunting parson."

Of course, I, who was supposed to be a stranger in the neighbourhood, could make no answer

to these remarks, and still less could I reply when she added, "But his brother is now likewise married, and as for *his* wife, I hear that she's shockingly extravagant, and that they spend a great deal of money in London." To this remark I could only bow.

We reached Chepstow just in time to dress for the ball, which, being what is called a county ball, caused us to depend on our own set, exclusive of the general crowd, for amusement. But presently I was much amused at seeing my gossiping companion of the stage-coach come bustling up to me, evidently in terrible confusion, having by this time identified me as the person in London against whose extravagance she just before had been inveighing.

"Oh!" cried she, in an agony of apology, "pray do not think of what I said. I did not mean it. I hope that you will forget it;" and so forth.

I assured her that I would think of it no more, which promise, by the by, I ought to feel remorse for having broken—else how could I here refer to it?

A Confirmation was to take place the following Sunday, and the Bishop of Llandaff was

staying with my brother-in-law, as also were other clerical friends who had to take part in the ceremony. As they filled the Vicarage, and prevented the Vicar from giving us our usual rooms, it was arranged that we should stay at a neighbouring house.

From the ball we did not return till daylight. Our bedroom stood at the farther end of a long passage. The next night, near twelve o'clock, we were awakened by the creaking sound of heavy boots, worn as it seemed by somebody walking up and down this passage.

The noise continued so long that at last Mr. Davies opened the door to look out and see who it was that made it. For a moment the footsteps ceased; nobody was to be seen. Mr. Davies asked angrily who it was that had made so much disturbance, but he received no answer. The passage was quite empty. My husband therefore closed the door, but no sooner had he done so than the marching up and down began again, and was all the more intolerable because every time the steps passed our door they seemed to pause for a moment in their heavy, creaking tread.

Mr. Davies was determined to find out

the cause of this annoyance, and to stop it; and when the next time the tramp, tramp of the heavy boots approached nearer and nearer to us, he flung open the door suddenly and darted out into the passage, a lighted candle in his hand. But nothing was to be seen; no human being was there; the passage was still quite empty.

There were several candles in our room. Mr. Davies now lighted every one of them and set the door wide open, so that a flood of light should rest on the passage and reveal the intruder if he approached again. He watched, but all to no purpose. The tramp, tramp, tramp continued; the heavy footsteps passed and repassed the open door, yet nothing was visible.

Whether from fright or not I cannot say, but to me the room seemed so much colder than could be accounted for by the mere fact of the open door, that I shuddered terribly. I cannot describe the horrible sensation which ran through me at this unaccountable noise, which continued steadily without cessation all through the night until daylight came, and then it ceased.

When my maid came to me at a late hour in the morning, I told her of the fact. She made inquiries concerning it, but as every one declared that there was nobody in the house who could possibly be suspected of producing such a disturbance, my maid supposed that I must have been dreaming.

But when, in the course of the morning, we went to take breakfast at the Vicarage, and there mentioned the noise by which we had been disturbed until daylight, my brother-in-law confessed that many persons had told him of having been annoyed in exactly the same manner when occupying the room in which we had been placed, but that until now he had tried to disbelieve them. There was a tradition, he added, appertaining to that house to the effect that a great sportsman (a Mr. Denison) who always wore thick creaking boots, had been robbed and murdered in the room we had occupied.

To pass another such night was impossible, and we at once changed our quarters.

Several years afterwards I happened to mention the circumstance to the late Lady Glenworth, who, at a period subsequent to our visit

to Chepstow, had taken the house in which we had spent that horrible night; and she told me that she and her family had been compelled to quit it on account of the same mysterious disturbance. The murderer of Mr. Denison, the sportsman who wore the heavy boots, was never discovered, and the house in which the dreadful deed was committed has since been pulled down.

My experiences in the "haunted house" at Chepstow very vividly recalled to my memory a strange incident, of which Lord Buchan had given me an account many years before, in Scotland. He told me that upon one occasion an apparition had certainly, not only appeared, but had also spoken to his brother Lord Erskine, the Lord Chancellor. On his arrival in Edinburgh, after an absence of some duration, he was surprised to meet an old butler of his father, looking exceedingly ill and pale, in one of the main thoroughfares of the city. On inquiring of him what had brought him from his father's country seat to Edinburgh, Lord Erskine was informed by the butler that he had come to seek him in order to ask his assistance to recover a sum of money

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owing to him by the steward of the Buchan estate. Lord Erskine told the butler to follow him into a neighbouring bookseller's shop, which he was about to enter, but, on turning round at the door, he was astonished to find that his interlocutor had disappeared. He afterwards ascertained that the man whom he was convinced he had seen and conversed with had been dead for several weeks, and that shortly before his decease he had mentioned the steward's debt to him to his wife, and had assured her that she would receive the benefit of it as soon as Lord Erskine should return to Scotland, and he had had an opportunity of explaining matters to him. The most confirmed unbeliever in ghosts must admit that Lord Erskine's habits of thought and forensic training were scarcely likely to favour the development of superstitious credulity in his mind, and he at least, I was informed, always believed in the reality of the visitation of which he had been the subject.

At Chepstow I met a remarkably lovely girl, named Miss D—— J——. She was sister to the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. M—— M——, and had been engaged for

two years to Mr. W—— C——, the eldest son of a squire in the county. D—— was extremely attached to her *fiancé*, who was handsome and very agreeable in manner. She herself was one of the most perfect beauties possible as regarded strict regularity of feature, and the attachment subsisting between the lovers was mutual.

Several parties were given at Chepstow during the period of our stay there, and among the guests at these entertainments was a young married lady, hitherto a stranger to the place, but who was extremely well received by the principal people of the neighbourhood. She was not only plain, but, in my opinion, positively ugly; yet so full of life and animation that her power of fascination was generally acknowledged. W—— C—— succumbed to this attraction, and soon he could not tear himself from the lady's side, while the beautiful D—— was consequently slighted in a manner to draw the very odium of pity—if such a phrase may be coined—upon her.

At last Mr. J——, D——'s father, felt so enraged by the way in which his daughter was treated by her *fiancé* that he determined on

taking her away with him to Brighton. Perhaps this was the worst thing that could have been done with the best intentions, for it left W—— C—— alone, as it were, with the lady to whose fascinations he was already entirely subjected.

One day, after D——'s departure, when he was riding out on horseback with this lady, their road led under a narrow archway, and in order to make way for his companion to pass, he jerked his horse so suddenly that he was thrown violently against one side of the arch, and hurt his knee severely. The injury proved to be much more serious than was at first supposed, and at last it was declared necessary to amputate the leg.

Nothing would induce W—— C—— to submit to this operation, though the state of the injured limb was such that it was pronounced indispensably necessary by his doctors. At last, however, he was induced to consent, and the amputation was effected, but too late to be of any use. Mortification had taken place, and in a very few hours the sufferer ceased to live.

Mr. J—— had returned home, but his

daughter D——, did not follow him until about a month afterwards. They feared to tell her of W—— C——'s fate; but one morning when her younger sister, Mrs. M—— M——, was sitting with her, winding some silk upon a card, D—— saw that it was the card of invitation to the funeral of W—— C——. She got up from the sofa upon which she was lying, gazed at the card, the broad black border of which had caught her eye, and, with a long, wild scream of despair, fell back swooning. From that moment she scarcely spoke again, and before the evening she was dead—dead from a broken heart.

The dismal fate of those two young people made me glad to leave Chepstow, and we went to stay with some friends near Worcester. With a large party we attended the Musical Festival in the Cathedral there. I was particularly struck with the beautiful singing of Miss Stephens, afterwards Lady Essex.

From Worcester we went to Ledbury, to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Biddulph. All that time I had had my clever little bird with me. Mrs. Biddulph used to show me with great satisfac-

tion the rooms which the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria had occupied when on a visit to her. At that time Princess Victoria was only twelve years of age; but Mrs. Biddulph told me that whenever, on occasions long subsequent to this period, she went to Court, Her Majesty always graciously spoke of the pleasing remembrance she still retained of her visit to Ledbury; and I need not add that Mrs. Biddulph felt deeply the Queen's kind recollections.

In posting from Ledbury to London it was our intention to stop at Oxford, and before I left I was entrusted with the execution of a commission to which subsequent events have attached some interest. Long purses were then the fashion, made of merino, or some such stuff, lined with silk; and though the pretty Penelope, unlike her namesake of classical antiquity, was by no means famous for her skill in needlework, she determined on making one of these purses for a young gentleman to whom she was engaged, who was at College at Oxford. It was so thick and clumsy that it was difficult to procure slides large enough for it. These, however, were found

at last; and as I was to be at Oxford, I was requested to give this purse into the hands of the gentleman for whom it was intended.

One day we went to luncheon at his college. We found him to be a most agreeable and clever man, and after luncheon, when we all went out to see the splendid buildings with which Oxford abounds, I took the opportunity of presenting him with the big purse that his beloved had made for him. He was delighted with it, and every word he said convinced me of his attachment for my pretty young friend. It was, therefore, with much regret that I heard some time afterwards that their engagement had been broken off on account of the insufficiency of his fortune. And now, after making his fortune in Australia, he is a Cabinet Minister. She married a clergyman, and I have not seen my pretty little friend Penelope since.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS DRUMMOND—THE LIME LIGHT—BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD—LUCY DREW—SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE—SPURZHEIM—AMUSING STORY—DEATH OF LUCY DREW—MR. BARHAM, AUTHOR OF THE "INGOLDSBY LEGENDS"—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A GODCHILD.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the summer of 1832 we went to Paris, to stay with my old friends and relatives, the Drummonds. Thomas Drummond, also a relative and friend of ours, who is so well remembered as Under Secretary in Ireland, was likewise there; he had done everything in his power, when Secretary to Mr. Spring Rice, to help us that we might obtain justice from the English Government with regard to our French claim. He was still most anxious to assist us, as much as he could, by his influence in every way, which at that time was very great.

I had always liked Thomas Drummond, and the world at large had cause to appreciate his scientific genius, for he was the inventor of the celebrated beacon-light, called the Drummond Light. This invention of his was due to a fortunate discovery which he made

during the progress of the Irish survey. A small ball of lime is exposed to the action of a spirit flame fed by pure oxygen gas; the flame in a highly vivid state heats the lime to an intense degree, and in this heated state it emits a light of surpassing brilliancy, far exceeding that of any flame before seen. So beautifully was Drummond's apparatus constructed, that the lamp fed itself with spirit and with oxygen, and it also supplied itself with balls of lime as each one slowly wasted. The light was reflected from an exquisitely polished parabolic surface of silvered copper. A piece of lime not bigger than a boy's marble emitted a light at Londonderry, which was visible to a distance, in a direct line, of nearly seventy miles; and on a later occasion a lime-light signal was made visible a distance, in a straight line, of ninety-five miles.

During that visit to Paris the Drummonds occupied a very pretty residence in the Bois de Boulogne. Our stay with them there was extremely agreeable, and as Baron James de Rothschild was at that time at his well-known château in the neighbourhood, we often went to his receptions.

Upon one of these occasions I remember saying to the Comtesse de M——, that I was surprised the King did not purchase the Baron's charming estate from him; but the Comtesse laughingly answered that, on the contrary, it would be easier for the Baron to buy up the remainder of the Bois de Boulogne from the King.

We only remained in Paris a short time, as I was anxious to get back to town to see my friend Lucy Drew, who had promised to come and stay with me, on her way to Scotland. I anticipated much pleasure from her amusing conversation.

When we arrived in London, most of the fashionable people were gone, but enough remained to make the time pass very agreeably. Almost every day Moore came to sing his melodies with and to her. I say *with*, because he took an extreme pleasure in teaching her to sing them also. She was certainly one of the most accomplished women I have ever met, and her endeavours to impart her accomplishments to her young half-sister were beyond all praise, for she entirely undertook the care of her education; and

she, although going a great deal into society, and often up until very late at night, would never neglect the duties she had voluntarily undertaken, but would have a cup of green tea brought to her at seven o'clock every morning, in order to rouse her into readiness for re-commencing the superintendence of her sister's lessons an hour afterwards. Many people, unconscious of what wearisome work it is for a mind like that of this accomplished woman to wade through elementary volumes such as those vouchsafed to successively rising generations by Mangnall, Pinnock, or the immortal Mrs. Trimmer, and her sisterhood, may smile derisively at this record concerning a woman around whom the wits and beaux of Paris and London eagerly congregated; but if any of those inclined to deride had not only seen but heard this patient instructress of the early morning, singing Moore's melodies with him at a later hour of the day, all notion of the ridiculous would have been superseded by wonder at the *heroism* it must have required daily to enable an accomplished musician and songstress, such as Lucy Drew, to

undergo the horror of listening to the jarring of false notes inevitable to a student of musical instruction books.

I must here mention a singular circumstance which Lucy Drew told me happened to her step-father. One day he and Spurzheim the celebrated phrenologist, accidentally encountered each other in a shop in Paris. Up to that time they were perfect strangers to each other, and Mr. D—— was therefore much astonished to find himself stared at fixedly by Spurzheim, until the latter came up to him, and, in the most polite manner possible, requested permission to examine his head. Mr. D—— consented, and he himself subsequently declared to us that upon that occasion Spurzheim revealed to him the secret of his soul, a secret which he, a popular preacher, had doubtless often prayed against, but which he thought could not be known to any but his Maker.

Spurzheim said to him—"You preach the Gospel to others, yet you have no faith in it yourself." Mr. D—— was of course much astounded to be told this fact by a stranger who had merely "felt his head;" and, though

with the greatest regret, he could not but admit the truth of the phrenologist's statement, he added, in extenuation, that, while it was his conviction that his own want of faith could never be known to the world at large, he had been unwearied as a preacher in his efforts to counteract in others that which he strove to regard as a fatal mental deficiency in himself.

She also told me a very funny story about a pretty young friend of hers who married a very rich man, a Mr. G——, who was so much older than his wife that the good-natured world at large declared that, on her part, it was a marriage for money. I do not think that it was so; but, be this as it may, Mr. G—— was so jealously fond of his wife that he would not even allow her to choose a dress, a ribbon, a flower—much less an acquaintance—without his approbation. It was, therefore, somewhat surprising that he permitted her to take German lessons from a certain Herr M——, who was a tutor to Baron d'A——. The latter was young and handsome; but the preceptor does not appear to have been either the one or the other. Mrs. G—— went on with her studies, Herr

M——, meantime, lending her many books, in order to perfect her in them. The young Baron d'A——. admired Mrs. G—— extremely, although he had never spoken to her, not having been introduced to her; and much did he envy the opportunities which his tutor, Herr M——, had of being in her society. It was, therefore, with delight, not less than surprise, that one fine morning he found Mrs. G——'s card upon his table.

He did not lose a moment in availing himself of this opportunity of presenting himself to the lady who had so often occupied his secret thoughts; and upon arriving at her door he asked for her, and her alone. This he did more especially because he knew that her elderly husband, who belonged to a clique of sage philosophers and littérateurs, could not possibly participate in a wish to receive a young man of his age.

Mrs. G——, who was at home, blushed and seemed somewhat disconcerted when the Baron was ushered into her presence; but her visitor was all the more enchanted at witnessing such signs of embarrassment on her part, and they soon became engaged in

a very agreeable and animated conversation. In the midst of it, however, the door opened, and in walked Mr. G——, looking pompous, stiff, and angry. Without vouchsafing any sign of courtesy to the Baron, he turned to his wife, and asked, in a tone of freezing formality, the name of her guest; and when informed by her upon this point, he turned towards the young gentleman, and, in a manner still more repellent, begged to know to what circumstance he owed the honour of his visit. "Because," added he, in a menacing manner not to be mistaken, "I do not allow anv one to call on my wife, unless he first takes the trouble to ask for me."

The young Baron, anxious, for reasons of his own, not to exasperate Mr. G—— needlessly, explained in the most plausible way possible, that, as he had been honoured by a card from Mrs. G——, he felt it his duty to acknowledge that honour; but in doing so, he said that he should have feared to intrude by inquiring at her door for anybody but herself, no other card than her own having reached him.

But here the poor young Baron was startled

by an exclamation of horror and astonishment from Mrs. G——, who protested that she had never either called upon him, or sent her card to him. She said this evidently in a state of much perplexity and alarm; and meantime angry words were exchanged between the two gentlemen.

The Baron was by no means a master of the English language; and in proportion as his wrath rose, his memory of it forsaking him, he at last called out to the grey-headed Mr. G——, — "Why, you stupid old *cauliflower*, you can't suppose that a beautiful creature like that can tolerate *you?*"

Upon this, the old gentleman became furious; but whether or not they actually came to blows, I cannot say. The furniture, however, was knocked about, and Mrs. G—— fled, screaming, from the room.

And now, how was this strange imbroglio to be explained? To elucidate the mystery, it was necessary for Herr M—— to appear upon the scene; but that learned German's explanations under excitement were difficult to understand, for he stuttered dreadfully, and would never allow anybody to assist him by interpreting

his meaning. To cut a long story short, therefore, it may at once be said that the *éclaircissement* of the whole affair was simple enough. It appeared that in giving lessons to Mrs. G—— and the Baron, the same books were sometimes used alternately by both Herr M——'s pupils; and one morning, the young Baron having impatiently flung a German work on the floor, a card which had been used as a marker dropped out of it, unperceived by him. His valet, in arranging his room during his absence from it, picked up this card; and, perceiving that it was inscribed with a lady's name, thought it only polite to place it upon the top of other cards which had been left by morning visitors during his master's absence. The Baron, when he came home, saw with delight the card of the lady who had so charmed him, and—the result we know.

The time was drawing near when Lucy Drew was to start for Scotland, and I felt very much distressed at her departure.

Shortly after her arrival in the North she was at a ball given by the Duchess of Hamilton, when she quite suddenly became seriously ill. A physician was instantly sent for, but

his skill could afford no relief to the sufferer, who, it is supposed, had been stricken with cholera, and before morning she was dead.

I had known and loved her for years; and among the many who deplored her loss, few regretted it more than I did.

I was very miserable after receiving the account of Lucy Drew's melancholy and sudden death. I had a short time before heard of the despair in which poor Mr. Barham, author of "Ingoldsby Legends," was plunged, on account of the death of his son, who also died of cholera, which was at that time raging in London as well as in Scotland. The unfortunate father was under the impression that his child had been buried alive, and he could not recover from the grief caused by his loss.

Mr. Barham lived very near an intimate friend of mine, a Mrs. Power, who had several children. I was godmother to a little girl who was then four years old. Mrs. Power had promised to give her up to me entirely.

After hearing of Mr. Barham's loss, I felt quite anxious about my friend, and my little adopted child, and I went off to fetch her.

When I arrived there I found that her father was dangerously ill. The loss of a ship, which he said must cause his ruin, had brought on brain fever, and when I arrived, the unfortunate man was raving so that I could hear him in the next room. When his wife opened the door, I saw that his room was filled with Catholic priests, all kneeling down, praying, and sprinkling him with holy water, to exorcise the Evil Spirit out of him.

I could do nothing to help my friend, so I said I would take my little adopted daughter back with me at once. The confusion in the house was dreadful, and I could not find the child. My friend said, "Will you come back for her to-morrow morning, and I shall then have everything ready for her to go with you?"

I went downstairs, and got into the carriage, and there I found the little creature we had been looking for, seated in the corner, and quite ready to start with me. I put my shawl over her, and was going to drive off. I told the servant to tell Mrs. Power she was safe with me; but just at that moment her mamma came to the carriage, and said, "Pray do not

take her now. It would be so much better for you to fetch her to-morrow."

She took hold of her, but the child screamed and struggled so dreadfully, clinging to me so firmly, I was quite distressed to leave her. I kissed the tears off her pretty little face, and determined to fetch her very early the next morning.

I returned to do so, but it is impossible to describe my horror and grief when I was told that the little darling had died of cholera during the night.

It really seemed as if that poor little child must have had a presentiment of what was to happen to her if she remained at home, and was therefore longing to get away.

Mrs. Power left town as soon as her husband was able to move, and I heard from her that he was most miserable at the death of his child, which he regarded as a punishment for his ravings about the loss of his vessel, which ultimately arrived, and he lost very little property.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY D—— —THE "MONK"—ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE—MR. E—— C—— —A COURIER BY MISTAKE—A CHEF-D'ŒUVRE IN THE ART OF PERSONAL ADORNMENT—CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA—A PAS PERDU—MARSHAL SOULT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—PRINCE ESTERHAZY—HIS MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO years before the events recorded at the end of the last chapter, my sister-in-law had much enjoyed a stay in Italy; and, therefore, to that "fair land of song", my brother now returned with her; their two young children, their nurses, and indeed all the establishment, going with them.

Mr. C——, who had long been a very intimate friend of my brother, went with them to Italy, and there, while again occupying a villa in which she had resided at an earlier date of her second marriage, my sister-in-law soon found herself in the enjoyment of renewed health.

Among other English residents with whom my brother and his family had been previously acquainted, was Lady D——, a widow of little more than a year, about, say, fifty-five years of age, very rich, and of excellent reputation,

but who, nevertheless, was never met at any of the Italian entertainments to which my brother and his wife went.

It was at her house that, many years previously, I met Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, but that was in Edinburgh; and in Italy, as elsewhere on the Continent, it is a fact that people are not, as in Great Britain — England, especially—welcome to society merely because they are rich. The French say,—"*Il faut payer de sa personne;*" and whether you have fifty or fifty thousand pounds a year, you are gladly received if you are agreeable.

Lady D—— was by no means either beautiful or brilliant, but it was not on that account that her society was not sought in Italy, but because she had made the mistake of surrounding herself with "toadies" on her arrival there, these being generally selected from a set of people that nobody but herself knew anything about.

A young relation of hers was staying with her, and he was so much infatuated with all appertaining to Roman Catholic ceremonies that he was nicknamed the "Monk," and he

was, in fact, a Knight of Malta. But, in point of expense, this young relation was anything but monastic, for he used to complain to all his acquaintances that Lady D—— only allowed him five hundred a year,—not enough, in fact, to keep him in gloves and cigars.

So he one day conceived the idea of increasing his income by playing into the hands of a *soi-disant* Prince G—— O——, an Italian, who was also a frequent guest at the house of Lady D——, her large fortune being to him the chief attraction.

The "Monk" said to the Prince words to this effect:—

"I will use my influence over my relative, Lady D——, to induce her to marry you; but before she does so you must make over to me, and that in the most binding and legal form possible, certain estates of hers" (which he specified), "after she has been persuaded to assign them to you. If she should refuse so to assign them, then the amount of the valuation of those estates shall be paid by you to me, after the marriage has taken place; and a clause to that effect must be inserted in the legal document now about to be executed between us."

This bargain was mutually agreed to; and in a month or six weeks' time the Prince had so far advanced in the favour of Lady D——, that, in speaking to her of their approaching marriage, he represented to her, in the most insinuating way possible, the expediency of settling all her landed property upon him.

Now the so-called Prince had no property whatever. Lady D—— did not know of this at the time; but startled by the nature of his proposal, she at once and most positively refused to settle anything at all upon him; and, furthermore, expressed her determination to keep the whole of her own fortune to herself, leaving him full liberty to do the same with his.

For the moment both the "Monk" and the Prince were confounded by this unexpected declaration, and a quarrel ensued between them, because the Prince refused to sign certain deeds by which the "Monk" had tried to atone to himself for their common disappointment by binding down his accomplice to pay various stated sums to him after the marriage. The Prince, however, suspected that he would even-

tually find himself responsible for the payment of these sums to the "Monk," even should he himself never succeed in extorting them from Lady D——. A violent scene ensued between the two confederates; and in consequence of it, the "Monk" went, in a violent rage against the Prince, straight into the presence of Lady D——, and revealed the whole conspiracy to her.

The following day the Prince—who of course turned out to be no prince at all—called on Lady D——; but, to his consternation, was not admitted. He knew at once that the game was played out for him. The "Monk' about the same time received a note from Lady D——, desiring him to pack up all he possessed, and to quit her house immediately, as she had resolved not to leave him a shilling after her death, or ever again during her life to admit him into her presence.

I do not think that Lady D——'s eyes had ever been beautiful, but they may well have wept some few tears that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* were still too attractive for the toadies whom, in a foreign land, and at an advanced period of life, she had foolishly contrived to gather about her.

Mr. C——, who accompanied my brother and his wife to Italy, was an excellent person in his way, but he had such a positive weakness for making acquaintance with personages of title, that by no chance was he ever heard to allude to anybody whose name had no "handle" to it.

To judge from his conversation the world was only peopled with emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or marquises, and with unction would he repeat, for example, that the Princesse de —— had said of him,—"*Il faut convenir que M. C—— n'est pas beau, mais il a des yeux qui disent quelque chose.*"

And it eventually transpired that Madame la Princesse de —— was not the only lady who was of this opinion, for he ended by marrying a Peeress in her own right, and to his great delight his name appeared in Lodge and Burke.

But before the period of this alliance, and when Mr. C—— was still on the Continent with my brother and his wife, the following incident occurred, which, with his desire for social prestige, must have been peculiarly annoying to him at the moment, however laughable in itself.

The numerous domestic surroundings of my brother and his wife required, and this especially before the days when railways had intersected the whole of Europe, three carriages to convey them from one place to another. But upon one occasion when there appeared to be no especial use to make of the third, a light and open carriage, my brother requested his friend, Mr. C——, to occupy it, and to take the lead of the route agreed on beforehand between them.

Mr. C—— posted off in the airy vehicle thus placed at his disposal; and on his arrival at each hotel that had been named as the place of rendezvous, he always made it a point of courtesy to order dinners and engage rooms for his friends who were following him. All this was pleasant enough, until one day he found, to his intense disgust, that he had been all the way mistaken for the *courrier;* the acts of kindness which he had performed for his friends from paying for the posting down to investigating the comfort of the apartments they were about to occupy, or analysing a *carte de menu,* being identically the same as those which such a functionary would have had to perform. At the time Mr. C—— was

annoyed enough at the blunder, but afterwards he turned it into a laugh against himself, with that amiability of character and *savoir faire* which made him a general favourite.

It is curious how people occasionally hang their ideas of *prestige* upon small points.

For example:—Lady S—— came to London with her husband, who was "only a commoner," in order to be present at the Coronation in 1838. He was most anxious that all her preparations for attendance at this grand ceremony should be on the most magnificent scale possible. Lady S—— was quite willing to comply with her husband's wishes in this matter, but there was one difficulty in the way of her doing so, for a few days before the Coronation she came to me in great distress, and exclaimed—"What shall I do? My husband is so anxious that I should wear all the family diamonds, that I fear he will have a serious illness if I omit the earrings. Yet how can I wear them, for I have never had my ears pierced? And I really dare not have them bored, even for the sake of obliging him, for one of my aunts, when about my age, died from erysipelas, as the result of the same operation."

In those days no jeweller had thought of the plan, since patent in Paris, of fixing wires to earrings, not to pierce through, but to pass round the ear, and I really did not know how to advise Lady S. in a matter which, from her account, was so serious in her husband's opinion that she feared he would fall sick of a fever if she did not comply with his wishes regarding it. But at last I went with her to a famous hair-dresser, Cavalier by name, and he undertook to fix her magnificent earrings to her hair, so that the ligature that bound them would be invisible, whilst the ornaments themselves should shine resplendently.

This achievement was at that time regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* in the art of hair and ear-dressing; but now that *Coiffeurs* have attained miracles, not to say monstrosities, of science, and that they have held *séances* to exhibit their rival powers in aid of the sick and wounded in the Franco-Prussian war, such a feat would not be worth mentioning.

So Lady S. wore her earrings; and her hair, according to the fashion of that day, was dressed very nicely indeed, nothing being wanting, for a time, but the coronet to encircle

her head, and this, of course, she could not put on until the Queen should be crowned.

As every newspaper of that time gives an ample account of her present Majesty's Coronation, I do not here enter into the details of that grand ceremonial, but merely mention one or two circumstances that struck me in the course of it.

At the moment when the Queen, kneeling, had the crown placed on her brow, a ray of sunshine fell upon her face and head. The day had been quite dull and grey until then; but with the sudden sunshine upon the diamonds in the crown making a sort of glory around the head of the fair young Queen kneeling there, the effect was very striking. And I remember that when Her Majesty was conducted to King Edward's chair—the throne (to which the Peers came to swear their allegiance)—the Duke of Wellington, having, like the rest, to back down the steps of the throne, threw his robe over his arm, and his great military boots were visible under it up to his knees; but still he succeeded in making a safe and not ungraceful descent.

When, however, among the other peers,

it came to Lord Rolle's turn to walk backwards, he lost his footing, and *rolled* down. Many were the easy jokes made upon this *pas perdu*, but never have I heard any mention made of what I myself particularly noticed at the moment, and this was that when poor Lord Rolle was stumbling backwards from the Throne, the Queen started forward as though to save him.

Marshal Soult, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the French, brought to England, for Queen Victoria's Coronation, the carriage used on all state occasions by the last Prince de Condé, father of the Duc de Bourbon. The Marshal, however, did not drive in this carriage when, about a month after the Coronation, he was present at a review in Hyde Park, at which 50,000 persons, all anxious to behold and to cheer the newly-crowned Queen, were present. It was on that occasion that Marshal Soult's stirrup broke, just after his arrival in the park, and a neighbouring saddler of the name of Laurie, being applied to for another, sent the Marshal the identical stirrups which had been used in the Waterloo campaign by Napoleon I.

At Guildhall the healths of Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington were toasted together, and these two great men, whose countries had opposed each other through terrible battles, were now such friends that I heard of an old city man, who gave splendid dinners, who requested the honour of the Duke of Wellington's company to meet Marshal Soult, and that of Marshal Soult to meet the Duke of Wellington, although unacquainted with either of them; for he knew that both of these illustrious warriors were so fond of "fighting their battles o'er again" across the dinner-table that they would be sure to accept the invitation. And then he invited people to meet Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Coronation, Prince Esterhazy's uniform was so remarkably splendid that he seemed completely encased in pearls, turquoises, and diamonds. He had then been several years in England, and gave many dinners, but his propensity to devote himself exclusively to some young and beautiful woman in particular made him less popular as a host than he ought to have been.

Mrs. M—— M—— was, for a long time, the object of his admiration, and some old ladies, who were dreadfully offended at the marked preference evinced towards her by the Prince, declared that they thought it a great insult that he should give the untitled object of his admiration precedence of everybody at his dinner-parties. Upon one occasion the Prince turned round to some one who had remonstrated with him on the subject, and said—"I am so susceptible of the power of beauty! Why should I be doomed to take an old woman down to dinner instead of one of these lovely creatures whom one never meets in any other country but England!"

Prince Esterhazy remained a long time in this country, and at last so offended the whole race of dowagers, that all aged ladies declined his invitations; but this was a circumstance which gave him very little concern.

After Mrs. M—— M—— was gone, he devoted himself to Mrs. J——. of P——; but no beauty commands universal admiration, and sometimes envious ladies thought that the Prince was gifted with an occasional peculiarity of taste.

It is somewhat surprising, considering all this, that Prince Paul Esterhazy's marriage with Lady Jersey's daughter, which took place some years afterwards, should have been considered a *mésalliance* in Austria.

CHAPTER X.

TALLEYRAND—HIS CONSTANCY IN FRIENDSHIP—OUR CASE BEFORE THE HOUSE OF LORDS—MANŒUVRE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—MLLE. RAPP—MYSTERIOUS LOVE STORY—MARRIAGE OF ADRIAN HOPE—AN INFALLIBLE DUELLIST—DUELLING IN FORMER DAYS—EMILY—CAPTAIN M——.

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE often referred to Talleyrand's constancy in friendship, and I cannot refrain from noticing that, despite the political fickleness commonly attributed to him, Talleyrand earnestly denied the charge of having shifted his ministerial position according to the varying and various success of king or emperor.

In private he repelled this charge as most unjust, and declared that he had only left the service either of king or emperor when he experienced such resistance to his advice that he was certain, as he once told Napoleon I., "all further progress must be descent;" and when, as, upon another occasion, he only too truly warned His Imperial Majesty that "the commencement of the end" had come. His imperturbable *sangfroid* as a politician, under the guise of which he exercised a strong

self-control, and a marvellous command over others, was consonant to his well-known precept —"Above all things, no zeal;" but in private life he was the last of men to apply such counsel to himself; for it cannot be too often repeated that Talleyrand was the most zealous of friends.

It was in the year 1835 that I last saw him in London. He was then very ill indeed, and much altered in appearance. His medical attendants had but small hope of his recovery, but his judgment remained in full force to the last; and suffering though he was, bodily, he continued to take the greatest interest in our French claim, and to give the most careful thought to it, knowing that my family was very anxious about it; and he recommended that it should be brought before the House of Commons without delay.

After consulting with our counsel, it was settled that our case should be brought before the House by Mr. Abel Smith in the following session. He gave notice of the day on which it was to be brought forward; but on that evening the Chancellor of the Exchequer got up and spoke until it was too late to begin

new business, and in the two sessions following the same manœuvre was repeated.

However, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was ashamed of himself, and wrote to a friend of his, one of the Cabinet Ministers, also a friend of ours, who had continually urged the injustice done to us, admitting he had no doubt but that the case was perfectly good. The difficulty was, how to get the money back which had been borrowed by the Woods and Forests, and after that used for other purposes, without an Act of Parliament.

I wrote to my brother to tell him that, according to Talleyrand's last advice, our French claim was coming before Parliament; and consequently he arrived in England as soon as possible. Every day he went to the House of Commons, having good cause to expect that our case would come on; but, as the Solicitor of the Treasury, an old friend of ours, had many times previously told us, justice at that time was not intended to be done to us.

It was, therefore, in the midst of such perplexing delay and disappointment that my brother received a letter from his wife, who

had remained at Carlsruhe with her children, urging his immediate return. He started at once; and upon rejoining his family, wrote to me a letter, the receipt of which amazed me and caused me not a little anxiety.

In it he stated, that the morning after his arrival at Carlsruhe, a gentleman called upon him in behalf of the Baron von Guel, to ask the hand of his step-daughter, Mlle. Rapp (his wife's daughter by her first marriage), adding that the Baron von Guel had already obtained the young lady's consent, and that he was in possession of several letters from her, assuring him of her devoted attachment. Now, Matilda Rapp was at that time so very young that there was no intention of marrying her, or allowing her to be married, for years to come; and then it was hoped, by both her mother and her stepfather, that she would become the wife of an Englishman. Her education was conducted with the greatest care possible, no fewer than three governesses—German, English, and French—being in constant attendance upon her. Moreover, her manner was so retiring, her mode of life so almost conventual in its simplicity,

that it was difficult to understand how she could possibly have given the encouragement to the Baron von Guel of which his emissary boasted.

Her parents were astounded at the statement which had been made to them, and sent for the young lady herself to demand the meaning of it.

She appeared before them, and declared, with every appearance of truth and innocence, that she had never once written to the Baron von Guel, and that she had never for a moment given him any encouragement, and her astonishment at the whole matter evidently even exceeded that of her parents.

My brother, therefore, requested the gentleman, who first came to him as envoy on the subject, to produce the letters which he said had been written to Baron von Guel, but the latter wrote, in answer to this message, that he would not give them up, nor resign his right to be considered as the future husband of the writer of them; and that it was of no use for the young lady's parents to refuse their consent to his alliance with her, as they would find eventually that she was as de-

termined upon fulfilling her engagement with him as he was determined to fulfil his with her.

My brother then refused his consent to the union in the most decided terms, and desired the Baron von Guel not to persevere in his attentions to his step-daughter; but upon the day following this request, a challenge was sent by the Baron to my brother, and four other challenges were sent by four friends of the Baron to two uncles and two cousins of Mlle. Rapp, who had tried in vain to explain to him how absurd it was for him to persist in his intentions towards the young lady, considering that she was hardly sixteen years of age, and that both her mother and step-father were entirely opposed to the idea of her marriage with him.

Pending the result of these various challenges, it may be here asked, What was the real secret of such persistence on the part of the Baron von Guel and his friends? and so it must be explained at once that the cause of it, though at that time the unsuspected cause, was involved in the existence of another young lady, of whom I am now about to speak for the first time.

Matilda Rapp had a cousin about her own age. This cousin was the daughter of the Baroness von B—— (sister of the Countess Rapp); and lately the two girls had been pursuing their studies together under the three governesses—German, French, and English—already mentioned.

The cousins had indeed passed the greater part of the preceding three years in each other's society, and the attachment between them was apparently mutual, their lessons progressing all the better because of it.

At sixteen years of age Emily was perfectly lovely. Her eyes were dark blue, her complexion brilliant, her hair of a chestnut colour. Matilda was also extremely handsome, although not so much so as her mother, to whom she bore a decided resemblance. In stature Matilda was taller than Emily; but like many women who are rather *petite* than majestic, the latter was endowed with what can only be described in English as fascination. Emily was extremely clever, an admirable linguist, very amusing, full of life and fun and *coquetterie*. Even at that early age she loved jewels beyond every-

thing, and was fond of all sorts of extravagance.

My sister-in-law had often taken both these girls to juvenile balls given by the Grande-Duchesse Stéphanie, for the amusement of her own two daughters, the Princesse Louise and the Princesse Marie (the latter since Duchess of Hamilton), and to those balls various young Barons were wont to be invited also.

Now, it was well known that Mlle. Rapp would have a large fortune, quite independently either of her mother or her step-father, and five young Barons were so determined among themselves that she should marry one of them, that they drew straws to decide which of them should first ask her to dance.

These five young Barons formed a further compact to the effect that after she had danced with them all, one after the other, four of them were to give way to the one whom she seemed to prefer; and that they should join together in promoting his interests with regard to her, and not only severally resign all pretensions to her hand, but devote themselves to other young ladies rather than to her.

All this was not made known to my brother until after the date of the challenge he received from the Baron von Guel; but it is mentioned here as accounting, not only for that, but for the four other challenges sent by his four friends.

Neither until afterwards did my brother know that the Baron ——, who acted as Baron von Guel's envoy, in asking for his stepdaughter's hand, was in constant attendance on her cousin Emily, and so infatuated with her that he never suspected that when he carried the letters of his friend, Von Guel, to Emily to give to Matilda, the latter not only never received them, but that the answers to them, which were entrusted to him, and which he duly delivered to Von Guel, were forged in Matilda's name by Emily herself.

If this had been known at the time a great deal of annoyance might have been spared; but the whole case was involved in mystery, and meanwhile the five challenges from the Baron von Guel and his friends were accepted. My brother chose Adrian Hope as his second. The combatants all went out, but it so happened that on the morning when this wholesale

duelling was to take place troops of soldiers were about, and these giving information to the police, the whole of the would-be duellists were taken before the civic authorities and bound over by them to keep the peace.

Put upon *parole*, they were obliged to give up the idea of fighting for a time, but only for a time, as eventually the Barons arranged to meet at separate places. Shots were fired, wounds were inflicted, and Baron Fritz von Rotberg, Matilda's uncle, was so severely wounded that he was obliged to keep his maimed arm in a sling for at least a year afterwards.

Baron von Guel, gaining fresh courage in love from his success as a duellist, declared that sooner than resign his pretensions to the hand of Mlle. Rapp he would elope with her, as he still held the letters (he not knowing that they were forged) which proved her attachment to him; while she, on her part, not knowing the trick which had been played upon her, still persisted that she had never written to him.

My brother, at this crisis, was summoned to England on business of importance, and as he

could not under all the circumstances above stated allow his wife and step-daughter to remain at Carlsruhe without him, he brought them both with him, as well as his two younger children, their nurses, and a Miss Parr, Matilda's English governess, who was particularly devoted to her.

They all came to stay with us. Adrian Hope was likewise on a visit to us at the time; and as the party from Carlsruhe increased my number of guests to more than I could accommodate, I requested Adrian Hope to defer the remainder of his visit until another time; but in answer to this, I hope not inhospitable suggestion of mine, he so begged to be allowed to stay that I had a bed made up for him in the billiard-room.

No very long time elapsed before the reason of his desire to remain under our roof just at that time transpired; as he proposed for Mlle. Rapp, and was accepted.

The intended marriage between them soon became known, and in consequence of widely circulated rumours concerning it, Baron von Guel himself arrived in England. His duellistic propensities were unabated; the first

person he desired to attack was Adrian Hope; but, as such *gentillesses* are not allowable in this country, my husband, who knew the Baron's intentions, managed to have him bound over to keep the peace, and in a very short time afterwards Matilda was married to Adrian Hope.

My brother then went to Paris on business, but he had not been there many days when he received a letter from the irrepressible Baron von Guel, asking a meeting for that day two weeks. My brother accepted this challenge and wrote to me from Paris to send him his pistols, which he had left in our house. This request made me miserable, for I knew that, though my brother was a good shot, the Baron von Guel, who I suspected was the cause of the request, was an infallible one. In fact, he was in such constant practice as a duellist, that in his letter to my brother he wrote,—

"I fix our meeting at two weeks' date from this, as on my way to Paris I have two other appointments."

In the first of these appointments he shot his adversary dead; but in the next of them, his

antagonist drew the first fire, and the Baron von Guel was mortally wounded. He then made his second hold him up that he might return the fire, and this he did with such effect that his adversary, shot through the heart, fell down dead simultaneously with himself. This was the end of the Baron von Guel: but the second on the opposite side declaring that it was murder to have held him up when he was mortally wounded, a quarrel ensued between the two survivors left on the ground. They at once fired at each other, and Baron von Guel's second was killed also. And thus in one morning were slain three young men, all of them under five-and-twenty years of age!

My brother and his wife had not brought their niece, Emily, with them to England, for before they left Carlsruhe, she, with many and apparently sincere expressions of remorse, had acknowledged herself to be the writer of the letters which had caused so much mischief. She further confessed that the Baron von Guel, believing that she was acting as his medium with her cousin, had made her many costly presents, not one of which she had ever mentioned to her.

Emily sought to excuse herself by saying that she acted in this matter from a love of fun, but that she would never have done so could she have surmised the misery it had caused. Her aunt, however, was too shocked at her conduct to be appeased by any such explanations, and instead of bringing her to England, she sent her to another aunt of hers, the Baroness von V——.

The very letter forged in Matilda's name, and purporting on her part to accept the Baron von Guel as her future husband, had been written by Emily; but she was so plausible, so charming and lovely, that, despite the odiousness of her conduct, she did not stay long with the Baroness von V——, before the latter perceived, with consternation, that she had inspired her son with an attachment which on his side threatened to be very serious in its results.

Wherefore said the Baroness von V—— to Emily, "I perceive that you are fascinating my son, and as I would rather follow him to his grave than see him married to you, I shall at once send you back to your mother."

In reply to this Emily sang a brilliant

roulade, and then said, "My dear aunt, have no fear, for sooner than annoy you, and cause myself distress by so doing, I will marry my other cousin, the "*gros* M——."

The "*gros* M——," as she called him, had, as she well knew, been long in love with her. He was under orders to proceed at once with his regiment to India, and rather than be sent back to her home, as was threatened, she determined to marry him and go to India with him.

The Baroness von V—— was so glad of this determination, on account of her son, that she lost no time in sending an invitation to Captain M—— to her house, which he gladly accepted, and the marriage took place as soon as possible.

Before the departure of Emily and her husband for India they came to England, in order to pay visits to some of Captain M——'s relations. I had heard dreadful stories about her, but I must confess that when she came to see me, all my preconceived feelings against her melted away into a mixed sentiment of pity and admiration.

She was so graceful and fairy-like that Captain M—— looked elephantine when stand-

ing by her side. He was then only thirty-two years of age; but so short and enormously fat that his personal appearance was the very reverse of pleasing.

Emily's taste for amusement was such that one day when she saw my melancholy expression as I contemplated them together, she started up, hastily untied a piece of ribbon from her fan, and holding it above her head, began running with fairy-like steps round the room, whilst she called upon her husband to follow and catch her—if he could. The sight was a sad one.

After a short stay in London they proceeded to India; and there her extravagance was such that at last Captain M—— was in immediate danger of being arrested for her debts. She knew this; but when those who were about to arrest him arrived suddenly one morning, she was prompt enough to rush forward; and then, with the most horrified aspect, she exclaimed to them,—"Alas, Captain M—— has just died of cholera!" Fear of contagion quickly freed her from the unwelcome visitors, and Captain M——, meantime, made his escape.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY CORK—THE DUCHESS OF GORDON—A DEBTOR IN DISTRESS—A BIRD-CONTEST—SHELLEY'S DESCRIPTION OF BYRON—MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI—MARQUIS DE BOISSY—LADY BLESSINGTON—MOORE—LADY LOVELACE—TOMB OF BYRON AND HIS DAUGHTER—A WONDERFUL BIRD.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY CORK was a most remarkable person, very little, and at the time I now mention nearly ninety years old. She used to dress entirely in white, and always wore a white crape cottage bonnet, and a white satin shawl, trimmed with the finest point lace. She was never seen with a cap; and although so old, her complexion, which was really white and pink, not put on, but her own natural colour, was most beautiful. At dinner she never drank anything but barley-water.

She had often been at the Court of France during the reign of Marie Antoinette, and had frequently met my father there. She said she had never forgotten what the old Princesse de Joinville told her, that "la propreté" was the beauty of old age, and therefore always wore white.

She used to tell me some very funny stories

about the Duchess of Gordon, whom I had known in Scotland when I was very young. When I was about twelve years of age, and a great favourite of hers, I remember she brought me from Paris a pink velvet dress. She had also brought over all the last fashions, which, although most eccentric, were very much liked.

She was particularly fond of arranging marriages, and never rested till she suceeeded in her plans. Colonel Campbell, a great friend of my father's, used to say that he only hoped the old duchess would not take it into her head to make him marry her maid, for he was sure that if she did she would succeed, unless he at once made his escape, and went off to India at the first attack.

Lady Cork was extremely fond of birds and flowers. One day I took my beautiful parroquet to visit her birds, of which she had a great number. They had a room to themselves to fly about in, filled with the most lovely flowers and small trees upon which to perch when they pleased.

Leaving the feathered bipeds to improve their acquaintance, Lady Cork led the way to the drawing-room through her boudoir. This

was a very pretty room, literally filled with flowers, and large looking-glasses, which reached from the top of the room to the bottom. At the base was a brass railing, within which were flowers, which, reflected in the glasses, had a most charming effect.

She used to give great routs, and as people met everybody there, her rooms were always well filled. This little old lady either had a dinner-party, a rout, or else went out, every night of her life.

On one occasion, when we went to a large dinner-party at her house, she said to my husband, "Don't be jealous, I have invited a very old friend of your wife, and when I told him I should invite her, he was perfectly delighted at the prospect of meeting her again after so many years."

"Now," she said, turning to me, "do you guess who it is?"

And to my husband she added, "He was a great admirer of hers when very young."

I was trying to guess who it could be, when dinner was announced, and Lady Cork seemed very much annoyed and surprised that some person she expected had not come. We all

sat down to dinner, and in a short time a note was brought to her. After reading it she laughed, and sent it round to me. It was as follows:—

"My dear Lady Cork,—

"I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A blackguard creditor has had everything I possess taken from me. The only thing he has left me is a cast of one of Vestris's legs. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you."

We laughed very much, and as everybody wished to know the joke, Lady Cork told them, and the explanation of the cause of Lord Fife's failure to keep his appointment made the dinner much more lively than if he had come.

On one occasion she invited all the clever birds of her acquaintance to a party, to judge which of all the parrots and parroquets was the cleverest—the fortunate bird to carry off a little gold collar with a little medal attached.

Lord Cunningham sent a wonderful bird, who talked beautifully, but the one that I sent was more remarkable, for it possessed, as I have already mentioned, the admirable talent, not only of talking, but of always talking sense.

Everybody wondered at seeing the little creature going round the table tasting everything, and, if it took its fancy, saying "That's good, that," at the same time turning up its eyes in a most odd way; while, if it tasted anything which it did not like, it would say, "That's bad," and make off as fast as it could, running all round the table till it came to me.

I was not at all surprised to find he was the winner of the prize.

I have still many friends who recollect my bird perfectly, for I always took it everywhere when I went on visits in the country.

At one of Lady Cork's large parties, the Countess Guiccioli, then Marquise de Boissy, who in France was still very much admired, came with Lady Talbot de Malahide.

She was the daughter of Count Gamba, of Ravenna, and when (in 1819) Lord Byron first

met her at Venice, she had just become the third wife, though in age scarcely more than a child, of Count Guiccioli, who was old but rich.

This marriage was by no means of her own seeking; for, according to family decrees which upon such subjects still exist in Italy, the young Teresa was taken from the convent where she was being educated to contract it, the Count having been until then a stranger to her. She was not yet sixteen years of age, and still decked out like a victim in bridal array, when Lord Byron first met her at Venice, at the house of the Countess Abrizzi.

Count Guiccioli, meantime, seems to have been both unsuspicious and careless—especially the latter—as to the sentiments that had inevitably sprung up between his wife and his guest. He was more than threescore years of age, and, perhaps, he had forgotten, even if he had ever felt, what the passion of true love is. Perhaps he did not choose to observe what was advancing only too surely in the heart of his enthusiastic young wife; for at last, in the Autumn of that year of her first meeting Byron at Venice, he was "called

away by business," and left his wife and the man who was dearer to her than her life, to the enjoyment of each other's society at Bologna.

Not only so. By the state of her health Madame Guiccioli was compelled to return to Venice; and it was by her husband's consent that Lord Byron was the companion of her journey thither.

Count Guiccioli took—if not a serious—a sordid view of the question, if we may judge from the fact that, one morning, his young wife received a letter from him, "*not* to express any censure of her conduct, but to suggest that she should prevail upon her noble admirer to transfer into his keeping a sum of 10,000*l*. . . . . Security," the writer added, "would be given, and five per cent. interest allowed, as to accept of the sum on any other terms he should hold to be an *avvilimento* to him."

This letter could not fail to mitigate any remorse the recipient of it might previously have felt as to her conduct towards the writer; but, nevertheless, as divorce was impossible to one of her faith, and as her relatives were most anxious, with the Count himself, to avoid

scandal,—that one *bête noire* of Italian society, especially in those days,—she was at length constrained by Count Guiccioli, who arrived at Venice, to return to Ravenna with him.

Lord Byron was utterly unable to prevent this; and not knowing what to do, or which way to turn, was thinking at one time of a visit to England, when news reached him from Ravenna that Madame Guiccioli was again alarmingly ill—so ill, indeed, that her relations themselves implored him, and that with the sanction of Count Guiccioli, to hasten at once to Ravenna.

Moore declared that, with "one single exception," Byron had never known real love until then; and Countess Guiccioli's sentiments towards him are pretty clearly expressed in the following words, in which she has written of him as he seemed to be when first presented to her:—

"His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the

most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."

Only a short time before she had been led to believe that, as the wife of the rich Count Guiccioli—the most wealthy noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna—she would have nothing left to desire. She had believed that a succession of fêtes, of brilliant parties, would satisfy her soul; but now, when she was permitted to write to Byron, she told him that her intention, upon arriving at Ravenna, was to devote herself to the studies that she believed were most pleasing to him—that, in short, she desired, by perfecting her education, to render herself worthy of his friendship.

A new life was awakened in the soul of the young Countess. Perhaps she did not at first understand its meaning; but the force of it was too potent for her bodily strength, for scarcely had she arrived at Ravenna when she was attacked by an intermittent fever which endangered her life.

Before quitting Venice, it had been arranged between Lord Byron and the Count and

Countess Guiccioli that the former should visit them at Ravenna; but Lord Byron appears to have been extremely—nay, conscientiously—scrupulous, for he too well knew his own sentiments towards the young wife, and he doubted whether or not he should avail himself of her husband's invitation.

He had reached Bologna, though still it seems to have been his intention to return to Venice; but either the news of Madame Guiccioli's serious illness, or her consequent cessation of correspondence, alarmed him; for suddenly, in the month of June, he wrote to his correspondent, Mr. Hoppner,—"I am just setting off for Ravenna. I changed my mind this morning, and decided to go on."

Lord Byron arrived at Ravenna; Count Guiccioli went to call on him, and it was arranged between them that, upon the following day, his Lordship should pay a visit to the suffering Countess. "He came;" she says in her Memoirs; "it is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed, the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually medical books in his hands; and not trusting my physicians, he obtained

permission from Count Guiccioli to send for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attentions of Professor Aquetti (for so this celebrated Italian was called), together with tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that, only two months afterwards, I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make to visit his various estates."

The account of Byron's daughter, given by Countess Guiccioli in her Memoirs, is peculiarly interesting.

On one occasion Lady Lovelace paid a visit to Newstead Abbey. In the great library, Colonel Wildman, who had invited her there, read one of the finest passages of Byron to Byron's daughter, who, touched with the beauty of the verse, asked who was the author.

Colonel Wildman stared at her, and said, "There is the portrait of the author," pointing to a portrait of Byron by Philips. He read yet more of Byron's poetry to her.

Lady Lovelace was mute with astonishment as new revelations burst in upon her.

"Do not think this is affectation," she said, at last, "when I tell you that I have been brought up in complete ignorance of all that regards my father."

From that moment a passionate enthusiasm for everything which recalled the memory of Byron took possession of her. While at Newstead Abbey she used to shut herself for long hours in the apartments he had lived in, and which still retained much of the furniture which had belonged to him.

She loved to sleep in the room in which he had slept. She gave herself up to lonely meditation on his exiled fate, his premature end, and endeavoured with intense yearning, out of the associations of scenes over which his memory lingered, to extract some of that tenderness of which she had been deprived.

The father and daughter, although so cruelly separated in life, now lie side by side, united in death, in the chancel of the village church of Hucknall. The church, I hear, has been for many years in a very dilapidated condition, so much so, indeed, that on rainy Sundays scarcely a sheltered seat is to be found in any part of it.

The bells in the old square tower are condemned to perpetual silence, for to ring them would endanger the safety of the structure, and an ancient chapel, marked off from the northern and only remaining aisle by a double Norman arch of some beauty, is now used as a receptacle for rubbish of every sort and kind. An effort has recently been made, I am informed, to collect funds for the restoration of the church, but with what success I do not know. Hitherto the innumerable pilgrims who have flocked from all quarters of both the Old and the New World to do homage to genius at the tomb of the Poet, have contented themselves by writing their names in a Visitor's Book, which I believe has more than once been stolen, or by paying a few shillings for a piece of the black velvet covering of Byron's coffin to carry away with them as a relic.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND—DUCHESSE DE FIMACON—A TOUR DE VALSE—TALLEYRAND'S MARRIAGE—THE SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE—THE DUCHESSE DE DINO—TALLEYRAND IN PRIVATE LIFE—M. VICTOR HUGO ON THE BIRTH OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD—DEATH OF PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

CHAPTER XII.

MY recollections of Talleyrand are so vivid, that it is with reluctance I take leave of him in these pages. I remember him as described by Lord Palmerston—"exceedingly quiet and courteous;" but those who were acquainted with the great diplomatist in private knew that his character had a charm of versatility which was but little revealed to the world at large. Even when he was about eighty years of age, not less lame certainly than he had been in his early youth, and after the weight of many and various dynasties had been upon his shoulders, he would still condescend to take a share in the amusements of the young; and it was at such moments that the "sarcastic sneer," attributed to him by political tradition, would change to a smile so sweet and benignant that anybody not having known him personally would think

it irreconcilable with the pen-and-ink portraits commonly given of him.

For example, one night when he was at a little party, chiefly composed of young people, at the Duchesse de Grammont's, a game at forfeits was suddenly proposed. The charming little Duchesse de Fimacon, at that time young and lovely, was one who joined in the game, in the course of which she lost a ring. She asked what she was to do in order to get back her forfeit, and after much laughing and consultation amongst the other players in the game, she was told that she must ask some gentleman present to take a *tour de valse* with her. Without hesitation she at once advanced towards the lame and aged Prince de Talleyrand, and invited him to become her partner in the dance. He smiled, and, to every one's astonishment, at once rose to comply. Many young men present offered to take his place, but neither he nor the gay little Duchesse would allow of this. The music of a valse had begun, and Talleyrand not only performed his share of a "tour" in it to perfection, considering the weight of his infirmities, but

seemed so pleased with the feat that, after it was over, he remained by the side of his partner, conversing with her in a style of brilliant animation peculiar to himself.

In a previous page it has been mentioned how, on account of his lameness, Prince de Talleyrand was deprived of his rights. His younger brother (afterwards the Duc de Périgord), as I have said, was, by the decision of a family council, regarded as the heir; and Talleyrand, as a cripple, was not only superseded, but, being on account of his misfortune unfit for the army, was consigned to the priesthood.

In the earlier years of his life it was therefore impossible for Talleyrand to marry, and when, after his secularization—succeeding the Revolution—he did take to himself a wife, she is described by Napoleon I. as a woman who was *sotte* and grossly ignorant, whose antecedents would not bear inquiry, and of whom Talleyrand himself, when asked by the Emperor why he had married her, said, "Ma foi, Sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête."

Napoleon also spoke of her as *une bonne pâte de femme*, although he allowed that she still showed the remains of good looks. His Imperial

Majesty forbade her at last to appear at Court, because he found out that some Genoese merchants had paid her 400,000 francs, in the hope of gaining commercial favours by means of her husband's influence.

After the return of Louis XVIII. to the Tuileries, Talleyrand was continually bantered by that monarch on his separation from his wife. He had to pay her large sums of money to keep her away from Paris, but his receptions were much more agreeable to the world at large when his celebrated and intellectual niece, the Duchesse de Dino (wife of a nephew of Prince de Talleyrand, and daughter of the Duchesse de Courlande) presided over them.

She was his companion and political confidante through the later period of his eventful life, nor was his ambition as a statesman ever disappointed; for the Embassy to London, after Louis Philippe was proclaimed King of the French, was very agreeable to Talleyrand. Still there had been one great blank, unsuspected by the world, in the existence of this "politic man," who was said to be without either a heart or a conscience. I knew him well, and often, in his old age, he liked

to talk to me of past times, when he and my father were young. It delighted him to recall the brilliancy and restlessness of the Palais Royal in the days when even "Egalité," his friend and host, could not foresee the dire nature of the Revolution which he himself helped to produce; he liked to talk of various members of my family, most of whom he had survived, and to these things I also liked to listen, wondering meantime at the mystery of that subtle mind of his, which, with regard to politics, had declared that "la parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée."

It was he who said to Louis XVIII., at the Restoration, "Now, Sire, as a King of the French people, you must learn to forget;" but it is often said the Bourbons, like the Stuarts, neither learnt nor forgot anything in exile.

The political inconsistency with which Prince de Talleyrand has been so frequently and so freely charged, has always seemed to me to be more apparent than real. It is true that he served his country under many governments. But his only choice was either to do this, or

to retire from the service of his country altogether. France was, during the whole of his career, "everything by starts, and nothing long;" and had he not sedulously subordinated his feelings of partisanship to his sentiments of patriotism, he would have had no opportunity for promoting her interests, which even his enemies allow he had invariably at heart. Of his usefulness to France the best evidence is afforded by the anxiety of her successive rulers to secure his support; and it is difficult to see at what period he could have retired from public life without serious, if not irreparable, injury to her. It is very likely that none of the French Governments with which he was connected received his entire approval, and it is impossible that all of them could have done so. But it was only by accepting them as facts that he could hope to contribute his share to the furtherance of the national cause, which it is universally admitted, I believe, that he did advance in a very material degree. It is indeed almost out of the question for any patriotic Frenchman to be wholly consistent in his politics. If they would remain constant in their affection to their country, they must more or less accom-

modate themselves to the changes she seems destined perpetually to undergo. To compare small things with great, I remember a poem which was published in Paris on the birth of the Comte de Chambord, just fifty years ago, which attracted considerable attention at the time. Some of the stanzas were as follows:—

Honneur au rejeton qui deviendra la tige !
Henri, nouveau Joas, sauvé par un prodige,
A l'ombre de l'autel croîtra vainqueur du sort.
Un jour, de ses vertus notre France embellie,
A ses sœurs, comme Cornélie,
Dira : Voilà mon fils, c'est mon plus beau trésor !

. . . . . .

Guerriers, peuple, chantez ; Bordeaux, lève la tête,
Cité qui la première, aux jours de la conquête,
Rendue aux fleurs de lys, as proclamé ta foi.
Et toi que le martyr aux combats eût guidée,
Sors de ta douleur, ô Vendée !
Un roi naît pour la France, un soldat naît pour toi !

. . . . . .

Nous ne craignons plus les tempêtes !
Bravons l'horizon menaçant ;
Les forfaits qui chargeaient nos têtes
Sont rachetés par l'innocent !
Quand les nochers, dans la tourmente,
Jadis voyaient l'onde écumante
Entr'ouvrir leur frêle vaisseau,
Sûrs de la clémence éternelle,
Pour sauver la nef criminelle,
Ils y suspendaient un berceau.

The poet was M. Victor Hugo!

Prince de Talleyrand was at the seminary of St. Sulpice with my uncle, who used to say that his talents for public business were already so strongly shown that in 1788 he was named Agent General for the clergy, on the assembling of the *Etats Généraux* at Versailles. He possessed the remarkable capacity of being able to discern by a sort of immediate intuition where power and influence were likely to centre. Had the great Napoleon followed his advice, France might have concluded other treaties than those of 1814 and 1815.

The last time I saw Talleyrand in London, as I have already said, was in 1835. After that I met him when we went to Paris, and there, as well as in London, he did all he could to help us in getting the indemnity for the estate of Lussan, the amount of which had been paid to England by France. It was impossible for anyone to exert more influence over an assembly of diplomatists than Talleyrand, who, by his superior mind, his extensive knowledge, and the eloquence of his language, was always able to captivate those who listened to him. He often, however, gave way to a natural *nonchalance*, and on such

occasions spoke but little; but as I recollect him his conversation was enchanting.

In his habitual chit-chat, skimming lightly over the surface of every subject, there was a graceful levity that was peculiarly charming. It has been often imagined that there was no room in his heart for the feelings of friendship and affection; but those who were intimately acquainted with him, as all my family were, knew how zealously he exerted himself to serve his friends. The last time I saw him was in Paris, in January, 1838. At that period his mind was as clear as ever, and his anxiety to do all he could to help us in our efforts to establish the justice of our claims was in no degree diminished.

I was not in Paris when he died, after, I was informed, only a few days of illness. He was buried with the greatest honour at the Church of the Assumption, as he belonged to an ancient sovereign family.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. L—— —PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY'S MARRIAGE—A FANCY FAIR—LOUIS PHILIPPE—FAMILY AFFAIRS—THE HIGHLAND COSTUME IN RUSSIA—ST. PETERSBURG—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE—RUSSIAN LADIES—A NEW USE OF REGIMENTAL COLOURS—MR. HOME, THE "MEDIUM"—THE ATTAINDER REVERSED BY PARLIAMENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PERSON who will certainly be entitled to a place in any future catalogue of "Remarkable Characters" was Mrs. L——, of E—— Park. I remember on one occasion being at a large dinner party, when the gentleman who was sitting by me mentioned that he had been at the marriage of Prince Paul Esterhazy with Lady Sarah Villiers; but that the crowd was so great that nobody, except those who were standing close to the bride and bridegroom during the ceremony, could see what was going on. It was, therefore, with surprise that at another dinner party, a day or two after, we heard Mrs. L—— describe everything that had taken place upon that occasion.

That lady minutely entered into every particular of the ceremony, describing even how the Prince looked when he placed the ring on his bride's finger. In astonishment we

all listened to these details, for how could Mrs. L—— have been in a position to observe that which people of far higher rank had been precluded from seeing? At last some one at the dinner-table asked her point blank how she had managed to do so; and after a slight hesitation, she replied,—"Well, I will tell you;—I got into the pulpit." Everybody laughed; and far from seeming distressed at having made such a confession, she looked delighted, and even entered into other confidences which equally surprised us.

She said that she could always get invited wherever she pleased—to all the grandest receptions, in fact, of the greatest people in London. Upon this she was asked,—"But how did you manage to be, the other evening, at that splendid ball given by Lady Londonderry, to which so many people were longing to go, but were not invited?"

She hesitated considerably before answering this question, but at last she said,—"Well, I will tell you. The morning of that ball I sent Lady Londonderry a large van full of the most beautiful flowers; and she was so delighted with them that she sent me back a

most pressing invitation to come and see how well my flowers looked at night." And she confessed that it was by paying similar floral attentions that she succeeded in obtaining invitations to all the great balls or parties of any sort to which she wished to go.

At E—— Park the quantity and beauty of her flowers were such that, one day, after I had often been her guest there, I asked her how she managed to keep her gardens and conservatories so magnificently stocked, when, as she had told us, she was in the habit of sending so many vans'-full of the choicest plants away.

To this question she replied, "I *do* send vans-full of flowers away, but do not imagine that I ever have *my* flowers touched, or allow my garden to be the least disfigured or denuded by my presents. No," she added, "this garden is my life; and, in fact, I myself am its head-gardener."

True enough she was her own head-gardener. Her floral gifts she bought for about twenty-five pounds, a sum for which she said she could get invited wherever she wished. So anxiously did she watch over the flowers in her

own conservatories and grounds, that even when she was in the habit of going to parties in London almost every night, she would nevertheless be up at five o'clock in the morning to attend to them, her ball-dress having been exchanged for a dressing-gown.

She was a little woman, and somewhat fat; but she had acquired a certain ease of manner which, joined to a keen perception as to points of etiquette, enabled her to go through all her receptions very well indeed. Royalty itself, from her present Majesty downwards, went to see her gardens; and the beauty of her park, her conservatories, and her drawing-rooms, which were filled with flowers, cannot easily be forgotten.

Her talented husband, Mr. L——, never was present at her parties; but even such a philosopher as he was might have been delighted with the *coup d'œil* which E—— Park displayed upon one occasion, when Mrs. L—— allowed a fancy-fair to be held there, in order to raise a sum of money for the restoration of a neighbouring church.

To enumerate all those who attended this fancy-fair would be to go through the Peer-

age. Mrs. L——, with her usual tact, escorted princes, princesses, and personages of the highest rank,—paying to each the exact amount of attention that etiquette demanded of her,—from one stall to the other; and these stalls were placed with great effect amongst clumps of flowers and shrubs unrivalled in their natural beauty. Of flowers in bouquets, too, I ought to speak with even grateful admiration; for upon my stall I had a quantity of them, and they all "sold" so extremely well that they enabled me to contribute much more than a mite towards the sum which was collected by this fancy-fair towards the restoration of the church.

But, alas! it was not enough; for when the church renovations had taken place, and the façade of the sacred building had been entirely finished, the Archdeacon who came to inspect it, in criticising the restorations, exclaimed,—"To man has this re-building been made, and not to God!" For though the front of the church was entirely renewed, the back of it had been left untouched—for lack of sufficient funds.

In 1847 my brother's second marriage took

place, with the widow of Colonel Burrows, of Dangan, and daughter of Colonel Bermingham Sewell, of Athenry. In 1848 they were presented to Her Majesty, who was pleased to command that, as the Duke and Duchess of Melfort were British subjects, they were to be presented and invited to Court as Duke and Duchess of Melfort.

In passing through Brussels in 1849, on his way to England, where my brother was coming about his various claims, King Leopold gave him a packet of letters for the ex-King Louis Philippe, who was then at Claremont, and in very bad health. It was particularly requested that these letters should be given only into the hands of the ex-King.

My brother faithfully performed this mission; but on arriving at Claremont he was shocked to see the sad alteration that the agitation of, and distress consequent on, recent events had made in Louis Philippe, who died the year following.

After remaining a few days at Claremont, my brother returned to London, where he continued occupied with his different claims in England and France—in the former as to the

Scotch earldom, in the latter as to the French indemnity; and he afterwards went to Russia on account of business connected with a large mortgage on an estate there, concerning which the Czar and the Ministers did everything in their power to help him.

At the Court of Russia my brother created some little surprise by appearing in his Highland dress. At a subsequent period this costume so excited the wonder of the troops of the Czar, that, according to a Crimean tradition, when some Russians beheld a kilted regiment advancing to the charge they cried out,—"There is a regiment of witches coming!"

At St. Petersburg my brother was struck, as many other people have since been, by the marvellous contrasts presented by scenes within and without doors. Within walls especially there was genial warmth. Innumerable mirrors reflected a thousand brilliant lights; women were in airy costumes; and the choicest exotic flowers were blooming in every room, and filling the atmosphere with pleasant perfume. Outside was a region of ice and snow; the air was so intensely cold that nobody cared to break the gloomy

silence of the night by speaking. Sledges were standing about, but everybody getting in or out of them was so muffled up as to be unrecognisable, and ladies wore black velvet masks to protect their faces from contact with the pitiless cold. And yet one thing was especially observable when these masks were removed; and that was, the beautiful complexions of Russian ladies generally.

My brother was detained at St. Petersburg whilst waiting for a legal decision of his case; for a mortgage such as he possessed on an estate in Russia is decidedly an incumbrance to anybody constantly resident in England, and he naturally wished to dispose of it.

Attending on one occasion a reception held by the Empress, he was, upon entering the reception-room, astonished to find Her Imperial Majesty arrayed in a white muslin dress, covered all over, in the most fantastic manner, with bows of variously coloured ribbons; a costume the *ensemble* of which was exceedingly extraordinary.

The Empress, observing his look of amazement, was herself much amused, and smilingly said—

"You may well be surprised at my costume; but this is the anniversary of my regiment, and I always wear its colours once a year."

Having heard so many particulars of the Court of Russia from my brother, who was continually there, I was not in the least astonished when the following account was given to me a few years ago by Mr. Home, the "medium." The circumstances of his marriage with a charming and amiable Russian lady, and his consequent connexion with many personages of distinction about the Court of Russia, are generally well known, as well as the high estimation in which he is still, I believe, held by the present Czar.

The Empress was extremely anxious to behold some of Mr. Home's extraordinary manifestations, concerning which he himself had declared that, fugitive though they sometimes were—not subject to his own control—he rejoiced to have been made their medium, as by them he had convinced many materialists and sceptics that there are more things true than they had previously dreamed of in their merely terrestrial philosophy. The Empress, as just said, was eager to witness some of the wonders

of which she had heard; but Mr. Home had no power, because even an Imperial lady wished him, to "call up spirits from the vasty deep."

He passed from room to room in the palace apparently with no more supernatural capacity than was possessed by anyone else present. At last, however, he entered the chamber known as the Blue Room, which the eldest son of the Czar, who had recently died, used to occupy, and there, in the presence of the Empress, and many other astonished witnesses, extraordinary manifestations took place. To say that Mr. Home was by some invisible force enabled to float upwards in the air, and round the room; that material objects were raised against all which is known of gravitation; and that during his state of trance or mediumship, the marvels of occult science, or whatever it may be, were revealed, would be only to provoke a smile, or even a sneer of incredulity, on the part of those who have never witnessed these things, and to tell those who have beheld them that which can never be forgotten. The effect of these manifestations upon the Sovereign of Russia was such that even now—years afterwards—

the Czar bestows marks of personal friendship on Mr. Home.

In 1853 Parliament reversed the attainder of my family in my brother's favour, and Her Majesty was pleased to give me by Royal Warrant the same title and precedence as I should have had if my father had lived to inherit the peerage.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTAIN M—— AND EMILY—PRESENCE OF MIND—DEATH OF CAPTAIN M—— —EMILY'S SECOND MARRIAGE—ILL-NATURED GOSSIP—DEATH OF COLONEL S—— — DECEPTION PRACTISED ON LADY W—— —THE COMTESSE DE M—— AND HER DAUGHTERS—EMILY'S TREACHERY—HER THIRD AND FOURTH MARRIAGES.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN a preceding chapter we left the too fascinating Emily in India, just after her husband, Captain M——, had made his escape from his creditors, who were pursuing him for debts she had contracted.

Among her many accomplishments she sang beautifully. Colonel S——, who was aide-de-camp to Lord H——, was charmed with her exquisite voice, and he used constantly to come to her house to sing duets with her. Emily was much pleased with his attention; and after a time a very serious attachment sprang up between them. Her husband was at that time in very bad health, and annoyed her extremely by his fits of jealousy, although in the course of them, strange to say, his suspicions never fell upon the right person.

Colonel S——was certainly most liked,

and yet her husband, far from evincing any animosity towards him, used to encourage him to come and practise singing with her, while he would not allow the other officers—for not one of whom she cared the least in the world—to approach her.

But at that time Captain M—— was scarcely in a responsible condition; for one day, having drunk deeply, he came into her room with a pistol in each of his hands, and said to her,—"Now, here is one for you and one for me. I am tired of life! I have lost all the money I had, and so I have brought these two pistols,—one for each of us."

With wonderful presence of mind she playfully turned the pistols aside, laughingly begged him to excuse her taking a part in such a tragedy, and then rushed immediately out of the room, locking the door of it behind her.

The conduct of her husband was such that she became more and more disgusted at it; and in proportion to her growing distaste towards him, she was more and more attracted towards the young and handsome Colonel S——

Captain M—— died a few months after he had threatened to shoot her; and then Colonel S——, having no longer any reason to conceal his attachment for her, proposed, and became formally betrothed to her. It was agreed that a twelvemonth should intervene before their marriage; and for that year of her so-called "mourning" she came over to England, bringing with her two little children, —her son and daughter, the girl being the elder. Their uncle, Captain M——'s brother, came to see her, and kindly not only took charge of the children, but undertook to pay for their education, and every expense which their pension would not meet.

Immediately on her return to India, at the end of her year of widowhood, she was to be married to Colonel S——, who had already arranged accordingly for a long leave of absence. Part of her visit to England was spent with me; and I must confess that, though only too well aware of her serious defects of character, I could not help feeling charmed by her society.

I was out of town at the time of her stay with me; but far from appearing dull in the

country, she was most amusing. Time with her always passed quickly; and if one could but forget the insincerity of her disposition and her power of acting any part she chose to take up for the moment, one could not help feeling an interest in everything she said and did.

Before returning to India she went for a brief period to Germany, whence her mother returned with her to help her to purchase her *trousseau;* and the latter important matter being at length arranged satisfactorily, she set forth on her way to meet Colonel S—— to whom, indeed, she seemed truly attached. Disturbances having broken out in India, he could not come over to England to fetch her; but under a proper escort appointed to attend her, she rejoined him at the end of her year of widowhood, when they were married, and she went on with him to Calcutta.

Colonel S—— was a favourite aide-de-camp of Lord H——. His Lordship was, as everybody knows, a great admirer of beauty; and Emily soon so fascinated him that he lavished on her attentions which by no means conduced to her popularity with her own sex.

Women generally disliked her; they were jealous, not only of her beauty, but of that indescribable power of fascination which is much more dangerous to the peace of men than any amount of mere personal loveliness can be without it; and Anglo-Indian ladies therefore were not slow to say that she had flirted too much with Colonel S—— during her first husband's lifetime.

She was by no means affected by this ill-natured gossip; and despite the admiration of Lord H —— and others, she was as a wife so devoted to Colonel S—— that it is much to be lamented that the happiness of their married life only lasted eight months. At the end of that time Colonel S—— went off from Calcutta with the troops under Lord H——'s command, and not long afterwards was mortally wounded in the battle of Moodkee, the first great battle fought by Lord H—— against the Seikhs.

When news of this terrible calamity reached Emily, she determined to set off and nurse her husband, in the hope that his life might still be spared. Lord H—— had ordered more detachments of soldiers to join the

remainder of those which had fared so disastrously in the late battle; and in company with these troops Mrs. S—— travelled, undaunted by the fatigues of the journey, only halting when the soldiers halted.

She arrived in time to behold her husband alive, and that was all.

A smile of joy came over his countenance when he recognised her; he put his arm round her, and looked his thankfulness for her presence; but his wound was mortal, the powers of life were fast failing him, and he died. Emily, who thus at the age of twenty-four became a second time a widow, was inconsolable. Almost out of her mind, she remained on her knees by his coffin; she cut off her beautiful hair, of which she used to be so proud, and put it into the coffin, so that it might be buried with him; and when the dreary day of the funeral came, she followed it to the grave.

After Colonel S——'s decease, she came back to England as soon as possible, and again became my guest.

Some time afterwards, when Lord and Lady F—— S——, Colonel S——'s father and

mother, returned to London, I took her to see them. Lady F—— S—— received her most kindly, and invited her to stay with her. Colonel S——'s two sisters were also most affectionate in their welcome of her. But for a time no kindness brought any comfort to poor Emily. She was still apparently inconsolable, and her sorrow was doubtless sincere; but such was the strange elasticity of her nature, and so strong was the energy of health and life within her, that not many months of her stay with Lady F—— S—— were over, before she recovered her animation, and with it her power of attraction. Her sisters-in-law, to whom the memory of the late Colonel S——, their brother, was very dear, were vexed at her seeming inconstancy, and when Lady F—— S—— left London, she did not ask her to go into the country with her.

After a time she met Mr. W——. He had been paying great attention to a young lady, but it was not long before he succumbed to the fascinations of the widow, proposed to, and was accepted by her. Finding that hardly anybody was still in London at that season of the year, Emily determined to go

with her mother for this third marriage to Paris. Mr. W—— persuaded his mother, Lady W——, to accompany him thither also. The day for the marriage was soon fixed, and meanwhile Mr. W——, presented his *fiancée* with a quantity of jewels, for which—as we have previously remarked—she had always evinced a weakness.

One day, however, Lady W—— said to her, "My son tells me that your connexions, the Count and Countess de M——, with their daughters, are now in Paris. You had better invite them to be present at your marriage, and it would give me much pleasure to make their acquaintance." Emily had no objection to this; she called with Lady W—— upon the Countess de M——. The visit was duly returned, and the invitation was sent; but this the Countess declined, on the plea that she was about leaving Paris.

Emily herself had doubtless reason to suspect that the Countess had no wish that her daughters should become acquainted with her, and she, on her side, had cause to desire that no intimacy should ensue between the Countess (who knew a great deal about her antecedents)

and Lady W——. But when the latter expressed herself much disappointed at the refusal, Emily accounted for it by saying—

"The fact is that the Countess de M—— is horridly stingy, and I have known her quite long enough to be certain that she excuses herself from coming to my marriage because she will not go to the expense of dresses for her three daughters."

Lady W——, not doubting the truth of this explanation, went forthwith to one of the most fashionable shops in Paris, and there having bought three dresses for the Countess de M——'s daughters, requested Emily to beg their acceptance of them, making at the same time some graceful and gracious little apology for so doing. Emily took the three dresses, and when she returned told Lady W—— that it was "all right."

The wedding-day came; the *déjeûner* after the ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother; everything was *en règle*, but strange to say, neither the Countess de M—— nor her daughters appeared, either at the church or at the breakfast; and as no excuse arrived to explain the cause of their absence,

Lady W—— was naturally much offended at their conduct, not guessing the fact that the subtle Emily had never given them the dresses, and that she knew that nothing would induce them to come.

A friend of Mr. W——'s proposed to take the bride and bridegroom to Italy in his yacht; and as the proposal seemed to give much pleasure to Emily it was accepted. Her elaborate trousseau was not yet finished at the time of her marriage, but arrangements were made for sending the remainder of it to Italy after her; and she set sail in the yacht with her husband and his friend.

For some weeks they were cruising about the Mediterranean, but to the bridegroom they were by no means weeks of unruffled happiness; for, having closely observed Emily's conduct during the voyage, terrible suspicions were aroused; and when at last the time for landing approached, his jealousy had become so fierce that it was entirely beyond his self-control, and one day when she was not present he opened her desk, the key of which he had discovered suspended from a chain that he knew to be hers.

In the desk Mr. W—— found passionate love-letters to Emily from his friend; letters which described their writer's state of mind as having bordered on frenzy when he first heard of her intended marriage with Mr. W——, declaring that he had felt so certain of her love for himself after his last interview with her in London, that he had obtained leave of absence and followed her to Paris, whither he had only arrived in time to find that her marriage with his friend had taken place.

The discovery of these letters was a severe blow to Mr. W——, but as soon as possible after the perusal of them, he took them to their writer, and desired that the latter should stop at the nearest point of land. Not a moment was lost; and on reaching a suitable landing-place, Mr. W—— left the yacht, leaving his wife and his false friend in it. He proceeded immediately to England, and in London obtained a divorce. He behaved, however, very generously to one who had so shamefully abused his confidence, generously settling upon Emily, for life, an amount equal to that of the two pensions which she had lost by her marriage with him.

When the remainder of her third marriage trousseau reached Italy, it served her for her marriage with her fourth husband, the owner of the yacht, in whose society she had remained after Mr. W——'s return to England, and to whom she was united in Italy as soon as her divorce was pronounced.

I never saw her afterwards; but I was told of her death by the doctor who attended her in her last illness, and, like everybody else, he was so charmed by her, that it was with tears in his eyes that he spoke of her, and recounted how upon her deathbed she had sent for her mother, and declared her repentance for all the mischief and misery she had caused.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. AND MRS. MATHISON—LIFE AT HOMBURG—BARON DE TOILLE—ABSURD CHALLENGE—A DIFFICULTY IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TIMES AT RICHMOND—THE HERMITAGE—CHILDHOOD OF MRS. MATHISON—PAINFUL INCIDENT—MISS GALWAY AND HER NIECE IN ITALY—SUCCESSFUL OPERATION IN PARIS—ANOTHER VICTIM OF EMILY'S—A WEDDING.

CHAPTER XV.

IN a preceding chapter I mentioned a challenge sent by Baron Fritz von Rotberg to Adrian Hope, but I think that a challenge sent to an old friend of mine was even more absurd and unprovoked. In 1853 we went to Homburg, where I met my friend Mrs. Mathison. She had for some time been a great invalid, and had been ordered to take the waters. However, as she was not able to walk about between each glass, according to custom, the doctor told her to sit in the fresh air, which, considering the very delicate state of health in which she was, would be sufficient for her. She had been entirely brought up in Italy, and it was only after her marriage that for the first time she came to England, the climate of which did not agree with her. At Homburg, where everybody was accustomed to walk about, and then return to take another

glass of water, she used to take a book and sit down to read. On such occasions, when she had settled under the shade of a tree, a Baron de Toille would regularly make his appearance after she had been there a few minutes, and, as soon as she began to read, would place a chair opposite, and sitting down, stare at her. Sometimes, when she held up her book before her face, he would bring his chair nearer, and after waiting a few minutes, as if he expected her to take some notice of his presence, he would make some insignificant remark, such as that the weather was very fine; but as she had determined to take no notice of him, she never made him any reply. At that time, although she was five and thirty, she looked ten years younger, for she was suffering from that fatal malady, consumption, which gives such brilliancy to the eyes and such delicacy to the complexion as to make the sufferer appear beautiful to the last. She felt so much annoyed at the Baron de Toille's proceedings, that she ultimately turned her chair round and sat with her back towards him, holding her book up, and her parasol over her face. As she was no more troubled by her tormentor she naturally sup-

posed that this trifling affair was altogether forgotten; but she was soon undeceived. After some little time Mr. Mathison came to Homburg to take her home with him, and immediately on his arrival the Baron de Toille, as if to render himself more ridiculous, sent him a challenge, which, as may be imagined, surprised him exceedingly. He asked to know the cause of the bellicose Baron's cartel, and was informed that it was in consequence of the conduct of his wife, Mrs. Mathison, who, he maintained, had turned her back upon him with the direct intention of insulting him. He himself had never said anything that could possibly have offended her, as his remarks were always only about the weather, and therefore he must insist upon Mr. Mathison giving him satisfaction.

A meeting of several English and German gentlemen then at Homburg was held, and Mrs. Mathison was asked if she had ever received any other annoyance from the Baron than that of his staring at her. She said he had once or twice tried to begin a conversation with her by remarking that he thought they were going to have fine weather. The whole

matter, which was a source of great amusement to everybody, was at last settled by the good sense of Mr. Mathison, who; in accordance with the advice of those whom he had consulted, that he should apologise for his wife's not choosing to be stared at, did so, rather than fight a duel for nothing.

Mr. Mathison's occupation at the Mint forced him to return to England at once, but as soon as it was in his power to do so he took his wife to Spain, in the hope that the climate of that country might agree with her. They also got into a difficulty there, however, by distributing Bibles to all those who could read them, and on that account, when the facts became known to the authorities, they were prosecuted, and had the greatest trouble to avoid being put into prison, to avoid which disagreeable alternative they returned to England. I saw a great deal of Mrs. Mathison after that, when they were staying at Richmond, where, in the Old Palace, they had a beautiful house, on the banks of the Thames.

Many years before, on Mrs. Mathison's arrival in England after her marriage, I went to see her in London, and she told me

how very dull it was for her, as Mr. Mathison was at the Mint all day, and she knew no one she liked, not even his mother, with whom they were staying. I took a great fancy to her, and invited her to come back with me to our house in the country, which she consented to do, and at once wrote to Mr. Mathison to tell him where to come to her. After she had been with me a week or ten days it was arranged that a very pretty cottage we had in our grounds, called the Hermitage, from which there was a most splendid view, should be done up, and made as comfortable as possible for my friends to live in, and that they should always come and dine with us when they liked. Indeed, there were always places reserved for them at our table; they used to come through the grounds to the dining-room window, by which they entered almost every day.

Strange to say, Mrs. Mathison, who, when she grew up, was so beautiful that she was persecuted, as we have told, by the admiration, not only of this German Baron, but by that of many others before and after him, was, at the time of her birth, so disfigured that she was banished by her mother from her sight.

She was, unfortunately, born with a hare lip, for which the usual operation was performed by the doctor; but from the crying and screaming of the infant, the sticking-plaister became detached, and when her mother first saw the child, she cried out, "Take that monster away; let me never see it again;" and, in obedience to her command, the child was at once and for ever removed from her sight.

Mrs. Mathison's father, who was not so horrified as his wife at the sight of a hare-lip, was distressed beyond measure at her conduct to the poor helpless child. He searched everywhere to find a good nurse, and the woman to whom the child was consigned was very kind to it, but too ignorant to attend as she should have done to the wound in the lip, and the consequence was that the little girl grew up very much disfigured.

When she was about five years of age, however, her aunt, a Miss Galway, took her to her own home, and brought her up. She spared no expense on her education, and procuring the best masters for her, she soon became very accomplished for her age.

She always wore a black sticking-plaister, to

conceal the unfortunate defect, the only drawback to an otherwise exquisitely beautiful countenance.

Miss Galway lived with her niece in a charming villa in Italy, for, as she was considered consumptive, she had been ordered to remain in a southern climate.

When she was about eleven years of age, her aunt took her to a juvenile ball, where a little boy about twelve or thirteen years of age was introduced to her. He looked at her for a moment, and turned away, saying, quite loud enough for the poor child to hear what he said, "I am not going to dance with that monster." The poor child burst into tears, and went directly to her aunt, to beg of her to take her home, for she said she would rather never go out again as long as she lived than be called a monster.

Miss Galway had continually consulted one practitioner or another, but none of the Italian surgeons gave much hope that a second operation would be more successful than the first, expressing their belief that the disfigurement would be permanent. Still Miss Galway, whose affections were now all centred upon this

child of her adoption, never ceased to hope. She heard that there was a very clever operator at Paris. She consulted with her brother (for even up to this time Gertrude's mother would not allow her name to be mentioned to her), who thought with his sister that if they could entertain any reasonable hope of seeing such a disfigurement successfully removed, it would be in every sense desirable to venture a second operation, especially as it was not from any want of skill that the first had failed, but solely from the unfortunate mishap of the accidental displacement of the sticking-plaister.

Miss Galway and her niece set off immediately to Paris, and lost no time in visiting this renowned surgeon. When they first went to his house, they were surprised at the conduct of the servant who opened the door, who, perceiving the object of their visit, kept smiling and bowing significantly to them, and at last exclaimed, "Ah, mademoiselle, it is lucky for you that you have come here; you will soon be all right; only look at me; I was worse than you when I first came here." The ladies smiled, and the younger felt encouraged again to undergo the operation from which,

though determined to endure it, she naturally shrank.

The operation proved the most perfect success, and in order to prevent any chance of such an accident as that which had rendered the first ineffectual, her kind aunt watched by her night and day, anticipating all her wants, but never allowing her to utter a word, or even to breathe a whisper. The result of so much care was all that could be desired; the only mark left was so slight as to be almost invisible; and all trace of disfigurement had vanished.

Mrs. Mathison, who was at that period about sixteen years of age, remained some time in Paris, her aunt being desirous to avail herself of the opportunity of having her instructed in the various branches of education by the best masters that city could provide.

After some time thus usefully spent in France, she returned with her aunt to their residence in Italy, but had not the pleasure of seeing her parents there, Mr. and Mrs. Galway having left, and being now in England. So strong was the feeling of repulsion in Mrs. Galway that, notwithstanding her

daughter's beauty and accomplishments, she still refused to see her.

She was now, however, an attractive young lady, received several offers of marriage, but declined them all, on the plea that she would not consent to live apart from her aunt, who had been so devoted to her. One, however, appeared at last, who was more successful in his suit. This was Mr. Mathison, who had for several years been Secretary to the Right Honourable J. C. Herries, and was much beloved by all the family. He had afterwards an appointment in the Mint, and made a great deal of money by extracting gold from the "Sicee" silver.

When he first obtained this appointment, he married a very pretty girl, whose name I forget, but who unfortunately lived only a few weeks after her marriage. His grief for her loss was so great that he was almost distracted, and was unable to attend to the duties of his post. He remained in this condition for more than a twelvemonth, when the doctors, finding nothing but change was likely to do him any good, ordered him to travel.

He went first to Germany, I gave him

letters of introduction to my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Melfort, and by her he was introduced to Madame Franken, at whose residence he met the beautiful and too fascinating Emily, whose remarkable history has been told in a previous chapter of this book. Like others, he was so completely captivated by her, that he would have proposed to her at once, had he not been made aware that she was then just on the eve of marriage with her cousin, Captain M——.

Her fascination, however, had this good effect, that it brought his mind back to the affairs and interest of life, and he thought, if he could only find another Emily, he should be happy. He was staying at the same hotel as Mr. Galway, who had come on a visit to his daughter and sister, and whom he had often met in London.

Mr. Mathison was so struck by the attractions and accomplishments of the daughter, whom he found quite as fascinating in manner as Emily, possessed of a more melodious voice and so charming a union of foreign grace and English beauty, that he took the opportunity of making her an offer of marriage, and was

accepted. As he was compelled to be in England at a certain time, it was suggested to her mother that she should come to Italy to be present at the wedding, but she refused to do so, declining to be present on the occasion, even if it were solemnized at home.

Mrs. Galway thus never saw this interesting child, whom she had banished both from her home and heart, but once.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN ENGLAND—THEIR DEPARTURE FROM LONDON—THE FRENCH EXPOSITION—INTERNATIONAL ART-PALACES—"L'ETOILE DU SUD"—"THE REGENT"—THE BLUE HOPE DIAMOND—BOULEVARD DE LA MADELEINE—LADY G——— —MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN—THE DRAMA—LAMARTINE—DEATH OF MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

UPON the day when the Emperor and Empress of the French were expected, the Prince Consort, with the Duke of Cambridge, and a number of other great personages, took up their quarters at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, in readiness to receive the Imperial guests, who, as announced by telegrams, had set sail from Calais early in the morning. Inland the sun shone with splendour, but out at sea there was such a dense fog that no object was perceptible, save at a short distance.

Telescopes proved of no avail; and some anxiety was felt by watchers on shore; but at last, just about half-past one o'clock, P.M., a tall mast seemed to cut through the fog; then the flags of England and France were dimly perceived, waving away as it were the thick atmosphere right and left; the golden glitter of uniforms worn by the officers in attendance

on the Emperor became visible, as did also the bright and varied colours of ladies' dresses.

The expected squadron had entered the harbour; artillery thundered forth its salute, and the band in attendance struck up that well-known national air of France, which was originally composed by Queen Hortense, the accomplished though unfortunate daughter of Josephine, and mother of Napoleon III.

The Prince Consort advanced to welcome the Emperor. As soon as they recognised each other they both took off their hats, and the Empress, when she landed, was supported by the Prince Consort's arm. Their Imperial Majesties of France were greeted by loud cheers, in acknowledgement of which the Emperor bowed repeatedly, and the Empress smiled in the gentle way peculiar to her, a way which won for her all hearts, even more than did her great beauty of face and elegance of figure. She wore a straw bonnet and a cloak, under which a Stuart tartan dress was visible; but it was the grace of her movements that made this simple costume charming.

Let not the reader smile at my dwelling thus on small particulars, for now (in 1872),

that the tide of fortune is turned against this Imperial lady, my own memories regarding her are sad to myself as I write them, considering the contrast for her between the past and the present time.

The Empress looked well pleased when, having entered the railway station, she beheld around her the innumerable inscriptions of "England and France for ever!" I was amongst a number of ladies waiting on the platform to receive their Majesties, and no words can describe the enthusiasm which greeted their arrival on every side, in every way.

Bells rang, banners waved, bands played; the vast multitude, composed of every class, shouted. Swarms of human beings were everywhere during that memorable progress to and from the city. The steps below the Duke of York's column, the archway of the Horse Guards, the houses of Carlton Terrace, the Admiralty, and every available spot of ground or point of view, were all occupied. Here, there, and everywhere, flocked crowds, each individual of which was eager to catch a glimpse of the Emperor and the Empress, as in a carriage,

preceded by six other carriages containing their attendants, Life Guards escorting the carriage, Carabineers, Blues, and police keeping the ground, and accompanied by the Prince Consort, they went through London.

It is more than probable that many of my readers were at the Opera on the occasion when the Royal and Imperial party were present, and as the journals of the time gave full and vivid descriptions of the scene, I need here but briefly recall to mind the sensation created when the air "*Partant pour la Syrie*," suddenly played by the orchestra after the first act—caused all eyes to turn towards the box in which the Queen, the Prince Consort, and their illustrious guests were seated; nor need I do more than remind those who can recollect the spectacle for themselves how, when the third act of the opera was over, the curtain was drawn up and disclosed the very extraordinary sight of an immense number of ladies and gentlemen standing on the stage, where many of them presently joined in the National Anthem.

"God save the Queen," was this time followed by "Partant pour la Syrie," and perhaps

never was either the one or the other of those well-known strains sung in more splendid style or with more enthusiasm.

The Opera-house that night was like a fairy scene with its hangings of white and gold, its festoons of flowers, its wreaths—interweaving the initials of Queen, Emperor, Empress, and Prince Consort—its waving flags and banners, which separated one box from the other.

Outside, the streets were so illuminated as to be almost as light as day. Who can forget all this?—or how, later in that week of pageantry, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and their Imperial guests went to the Crystal Palace, whither crowds flocked to see them, and where popular enthusiasm was excited to its utmost height when, after the illustrious party had reached the balcony overlooking the terrace, gardens, and the first tribute of applause had been fervently paid to the Queen, Her Majesty gracefully took hold of the hand of the Empress and brought her forward.

A concert at Buckingham Palace closed that grand fête-day at the Crystal Palace, on which Her Majesty appeared with her Imperial guests, and on the following morning the latter

left for Dover. The Prince Consort, with the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied them on board the vessel that awaited them, and when the moment came for the Empress to bid adieu to the many friends who clustered around her, it was with tears in her eyes that she expressed regret at parting with them, and one after the other she invited them to be present in Paris when Queen Victoria should pay her promised visit there.

The Emperor also seemed deeply impressed by the cordial reception with which he had been greeted in the land where for so many years of his earlier life he had been an exile; and even to the Station-master at Dover he presented an enamelled snuff-box set with diamonds, "Because," said His Majesty to that functionary, "you were the first person to welcome the Empress and myself to England."

Soon after the Emperor and Empress of the French left London, we went to Paris. The French Exhibition was then open. In external appearance this *Exposition* was not to be compared with that of Hyde Park, though the idea of it had been taken from that fairy-like palace of glass. But the Exhibition of

Paris, built of brick, could by no means, though presenting an aspect of solid endurance, be called "a thing of beauty" and a "joy for ever." Still, though ugly without, it contained many beautiful things within.

Lately there has been much talk about the jewels of the Empress of the French, much wonder as to what she had done with them, since her flight from Paris, and therefore it may be that many persons besides myself will remember what a point of attraction those jewels were in the Exhibition to which my reminiscences now carry me back. Who that saw them can forget that diamond, "L'Etoile du Sud," the brilliant rival of the Koh-i-noor? Or the "Regent," which, valued at eight millions of francs, belongs to the crown of France? Or the "Blue Hope Diamond," set between two rubies, like flames of fire, in the girdle celebrated for its almost mystic splendour, and valued at 50,000*l.*? Those diamonds, and many others scarcely less splendid, then exhibited to the public, must hide their shining light somewhere now; and it strikes me,—*en passant*—that if gems, hereditary gems, could but speak, what tales

might they not tell of their adventures, or rather of the various fortunes of those who have successively worn them!

During this visit to Paris, we occupied apartments on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and the eight front windows commanded a pleasant view of that panorama-like street. Outside, everything and everybody looked bright and gay; but there was sorrow within more than one home not far from us at that time, and none the less so because of the serious illness of Madame Emile de Girardin, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Vicomte de Launay," had not only satirised, but done much to reform, Paris society.

Lady G——, who was herself extremely clever, was one of Madame de Girardin's numerous admirers; and one day when she came to call upon me, she descanted largely on the brilliant genius and various perfections of the gifted woman who, though then dying fast, had long since become immortalized as "the tenth muse."

Madame Emile de Girardin, born about the year 1805, and baptized—so it is said—upon the tomb of Charlemagne, was the daughter of the

Receiver-General of Finance in the Rhenish provinces, and, of his wife, the brilliant Madame Sophie Gay, who joined with Madame Tallien (afterwards Princesse de Chimé) in welcoming the Duke of Wellington to Paris, in 1815, by presenting him with bouquets of violets. These were the ladies to whom the conqueror of Waterloo said,—"Mesdames, were the French to enter London, all Englishwomen would be in mourning."

But Madame Sophie Gay, like Madame Tallien, and also like Madame de Staël, who, as an authoress, was jealous of her, had political ideas of her own; and when she became a widow, she gained considerable distinction by her pen, but still more by her powers of conversation. Around her gathered all the distinguished writers of the Restoration; and in this society her daughter Delphine (afterwards Madame Emile de Girardin) grew up beautiful, graceful,—and a genius.

Of her it was said that Béranger celebrated the beauty of her shoulders, and Châteaubriand sang the charm of her smile. Soon she began to be known as a poetess; and there were those about the Comte d'Artois

who, knowing his admiration of her, hinted to him that a left-hand marriage with a muse was not impossible. But the Comte, the gayest Prince of Versailles when Marie Antoinette was Queen of France, had long since sworn to Madame de Polastron on her death-bed, that no woman should replace her in his heart, which henceforth he would consecrate to Heaven; and it would appear that, as if to put away temptation far from him, it was he who sent Madame Sophie Gay with her daughter to travel in Italy, declaring to them both that the finest inspiration for a poetess is to be found in the land of Tasso and of Dante.

In the year 1825, during her residence in Italy, Delphine Gay first met Lamartine; and from the moment of his first interview with her until that of her death, the poet loved Delphine, not as a human being, as he himself explained, but as "a goddess first seen by him at Terni."

In plain language, there was an intellectual sympathy between this poet and poetess; and the same sort of sympathy existed between Delphine and the great novelist, Balzac,

another of her gifted contemporaries; for to him, as indeed to all French celebrities, she became known, when, after her return to France from Italy, she was crowned, like a second Corinne, with the laurel crown of Sappho, in the Pantheon of Paris.

In 1831 she was married to M. Emile de Girardin, the celebrated journalist; and then she began to write prose as well as poetry. But what prose! Under the pseudonym of the "Vicomte de Launay" she (in 1836) began the brilliant "*Lettres Parisiennes*" which, incorporated as the "Courrier de Paris" in her husband's journal, helped (until 1848) to form and reform the tone of French society.

As a dramatist, also, she was famous. Some of her tragedies were acted by Mlle. Rachel, and others have since been represented by Madame Ristori.

During the Revolution of 1848 Madame de Girardin showed more than masculine courage. Her husband, who had attacked with impunity the first Government of the Republic, was imprisoned by the second; and she was sublime in anguish, in tenderness, in threats, in eloquence, claiming either his liberty or the

right to share his dungeon with him. The Government of that day yielded to her; but, to date from that period, she lost many of the political illusions which had distinguished her, as formerly they had distinguished Madame Roland.

In 1855 Madame de Girardin was dying at Chaillot. Lamartine was one of the many of her illustrious contemporaries and fellow-workers, both literary and political, who went to see her in her last days.

She was beautiful to the last. George Sand declared, indeed, that she had never seen her so beautiful, nor even so animated, as when she lay on her death-bed. And Lamartine, looking upon "the tenth muse" in those final hours of her life on earth, declared that an atmosphere of peace surrounded her; for, as he said, she had offended but one man in her life, namely, General Cavaignac, and that was in the political defence of her husband. And he,—her brother-poet,—mourning for her after death, as for something bright that had passed away from his own existence, again declared that the true motto of her life—the motto without which

no poem of woman's mission is perfect—resolved itself into three verbs,—"To please, to love, to pardon."

The memory of Madame Emile de Girardin still lingers in the *salons* of Paris, and is imprinted in the standard literature of France.

After her death a book, edited by Lamartine, was published, in which, under the title of "*L'Esprit de Madame de Girardin*," each one of her then surviving literary *confrères* contributed his own special recollections of her; and without the possibility of aught like servile flattery being imputed to this volume, it forms a wreath of affectionate memories, such as can be but seldom offered justly, even to a beautiful and gifted woman whose genius has immortalised her name.

CHAPTER XVII.

MLLE. GEORGES — MLLE. RACHEL — MADAME RISTORI — THE EMPRESS EUGENIE — PRINCE NAPOLEON — THE PRINCESS MATHILDE AND MLLE. DE MONTIJO—FAIR RIVALS AT THE IMPERIAL COURT — SPEECH OF NAPOLEON III. RESPECTING HIS MARRIAGE—IMPERIAL MARRIAGE FETES AT BOULOGNE —PROVINCIAL COSTUMES—THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was during that visit to Paris, and about the time of Madame de Girardin's death, that I once again saw Mlle. Georges in her great part of "Cléopâtre;" and if I remember rightly, it was upon the night of her last appearance on the stage. It was time that she retired from before the footlights, for though some of her attitudes were still grand and statue-like, her voice struck me as more objectionable than ever in its sepulchral tones.

Mlle. Rachel had succeeded Mlle. Mars and Mlle. Duchesnois, and Madame Ristori was just about succeeding Mlle. Rachel.

In the opinion of some theatrical critics Ristori has since eclipsed Rachel; but, upon some points, it seems to me difficult to compare them with each other. The personal beauty of Madame Ristori is in her favour when personating such parts as that of

"Marie Stuart," for example; but the strange individuality of Mlle. Rachel's appearance gave to her acting an effect which admitted of no imitation. Her extremely thin figure was by no means a defect in an artistic point of view; for so splendidly did she arrange the Roman draperies worn by her in some of her greatest representations, that no man—as one of her critics declared—ever beheld her on the stage, but he went home quite convinced that his wife was too fat. Her small and splendidly shaped head, her dark shining hair, her extremely peculiar but most expressive face, her marvellous attitudes, the uplifting of her thin but yet beautiful arm, the statuesque repose of her moments of silence, and the thrilling tones of her voice (which so electrified the authoress, Charlotte Bronte, when she first heard it, that it seemed to her as though the earth were suddenly cleft asunder, and she could see into the mysterious fiery depths beneath), were each and all potent in their individuality, and indescribable as they were inimitable. It is to be regretted that so great a *tragédienne* should ever have played any but tragic parts; and it is still further to

be regretted that her power of weird fascination should have been too much exercised, if report be true, behind the curtain. Thither, however, I do not intend to follow her; I speak only of her marvellous gifts as an actress, though in so doing I am reminded forcibly of the one defect in her profession as regards posterity; for while an author leaves his book for after-generations to read, and the painter leaves his picture for after-generations to admire, the actor or actress, though in life-time commanding the plaudits of thousands can only trust to the imagination of units among after-generations for the immortality of a fame which, in its time, was world-wide.

I do not know whether it is there still, but up to a recent date there hung a portrait of Mlle. Rachel in one of the galleries of the Palais Royal, which gave, perhaps, the best idea, to those who never saw her, of what she was. Prince Napoleon, like his sister, the Princesse Mathilde, is an able judge of art; and to him this picture has doubtless many memories which enhance its value.

It is said that jealousy at the dramatic success of her rival, Madame Ristori, helped

to hasten Mlle. Rachel's death, but at all events she was happy, considered merely as an artiste, in not outliving her fame.

The first time I saw Madame Ristori was at a private evening party; and I was much struck by her appearance. Her dress, formed of gauze-like draperies of white and silver, and a wreath of violets, hung with costly pearls like dew-drops, upon her head, harmonized well with the natural elegance of their wearer. Various tales are told of the reasons why Madame Ristori, an Italian lady of family, a wife and a mother, should suddenly appear on the stage at an age when many women of her country have lost their *première jeunesse;* but all those reasons, though, like most points of common gossip, differing one from the other, are honourable to the gifted *tragédienne,* who, conscious of histrionic talent, and native of a land in which the public exercise of that talent is considered anything but a dishonour, has now, for some years past, achieved a fame which is universal.

In society her gifts are remarkable; and upon the stage her impersonation of parts requiring these natural gifts to illustrate them,

is particularly splendid; but when I first saw her act it was as Lady Macbeth that she appeared; and when I add that it was as an Italian Lady Macbeth,—Shakspeare's great tragedy, having been translated on purpose for her into Italian,—I was surprised that an actress of her genius and perspicuity could have been prevailed upon to undertake such a part.

Madame Ristori, I am told, is so devoted to her profession, and so feels the necessity of throwing herself into every part she plays, in order to realize it to herself as well as to her audience, that within the last very few years, when she was about to personate the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette (in a tragedy of that name, since, I believe, produced at Florence), she went to Paris, and there was wont to incarcerate herself in the Conciergerie, so as to bring before her mind, with painful vividness, the last days which were passed there by the widowed and discrowned Queen, ere crossing the threshold of that prison-dungeon for the scaffold.

In France—or rather in Paris, the heart of France—this devotion to art is appreciated; and none the less so if it helps to illustrate

the memory of Marie Antoinette, whose name has been quoted with earnest emotion by her successor on the throne—the Empress Eugénie.

Often, and at various parties, I had the pleasure of meeting the future Empress before her marriage with Napoleon III. In 1851, the fêtes at the palace of the Elysée were graced by the presence of the beautiful Mlle. de Montijo, Countess of Teba; and there, as elsewhere, both in France and in England, her amiable manners made her so popular that none but envious rivals could regret the fact of her becoming in 1853 Empress of the French.

When Napoleon III. was still President of the Republic, the fêtes at the Elysée helped also to bring his cousin, the Princesse Mathilde, into the full and favourable view of Parisian society; for she did the honours of those fêtes in a way that pleasingly recalled to the memory of some of the guests her aunt, and friend of her childhood, the amiable and talented Queen Hortense.

It is scarcely necessary here to remind the reader that the Princesse Mathilde is the daughter of the late Jérome Bonaparte, by the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. Some

of the earlier years of her life, like those of her brother, Prince Napoleon, were spent at Rome; and there it was, doubtless, that she found opportunity to develop the artistic talents which peculiarly distinguish her.

Her intellectual gifts are well-known; so much so that, when she became the wife of Prince Demidoff, the Emperor Nicholas was much pleased with her conversation; and after her separation from her husband, and return to France, he continued to correspond with her. From childhood she had known her cousin, the present ex-Emperor; and there were various points of sympathy between them, especially with regard to cherished memories of his mother, Hortense. She shared with him his faith in his own destiny, and nobody could be less surprised than was the Princesse Mathilde when at length he was hailed Emperor of the French.

For reasons of her own,—which reasons have been variously, and not always generously, interpreted,—the Princesse Mathilde did all in her power to forward the union of her cousin with Mlle. de Montijo; and among the many stories that have been told respecting the

immediate antecedents of that union, is the following:—

One day at St. Cloud a large dinner-party was to be given by the Emperor; but in the course of the afternoon the guests who were staying at the Château went out riding, and amongst them was Mlle. de Montijo, with the Emperor for her escort.

It was about three o'clock when they started; and at the dinner-hour named, many hours afterwards, all the equestrians had returned, except the Imperial host himself and the fair companion of his ride. Lady C——, who was among the guests, looked anxious at the prolonged absence of Mlle. de Montijo. The Princesse Mathilde was also there in the capacity of hostess, but she seemed to be in high spirits despite the absence of the host. At last, however, he returned, and with him Mlle. de Montijo, whom he introduced, for the first time, in the course of that evening, as his intended bride; for during that prolonged and momentous ride he had proposed to her and been accepted.

The announcement, though received with smiles, was by no means a pleasant one to all

the guests assembled at St. Cloud at that time; for many were the ambitious ladies about the Court of France and elsewhere who aspired to unite their fate with that of the then newly proclaimed Emperor. Indeed one lady, a Miss S——, to whom His Majesty had paid some attention, regarded herself as so much injured because she was not chosen as his consort, that at a large reception given by Lady C—— after the Imperial marriage had taken place, she, though sitting close to the door through which the Emperor and Empress entered, refused to rise with the rest of the company until after the Empress, who preceded the Emperor, had passed her. The Emperor was quick to observe this insult to his bride; and though Miss S—— suddenly stood up as he approached her, he not only refrained from the slightest recognition of her, but after looking at her as though she were an utter stranger to him, he stood with his back turned towards her, until she became scarlet with annoyance, and visibly bit her lips with rage.

Her presumption had met with a severe rebuke; and there were few, if any, inclined

to commiserate her mortification, because all present were won by the condescending and gentle manners of the Empress, who, by showing no sign of undue pride after her elevation, converted those who might have been her enemies into friends.

And indeed, as succeeding years have shown (last, though far from least, the year of 1870), the words by which the Emperor first publicly vindicated his choice of Mlle. de Montijo as a wife, contained more than one prophecy destined to be fulfilled, when he said—"Endowed with excellent faculties, she will adorn the throne, while, in the hour of danger, she will become one of its bravest supporters. Her piety will prompt her to pray to Heaven for the happiness of France; her beauty and kindliness will recall the memory of the Empress Joséphine."

It is no flattery here to recall those words, for the illustrious lady concerning whom they were spoken being now in adversity, it is only due to her to admit that the events which have proved most disastrous to their speaker, events over which she had no control, but of which she has been a victim, have verified them.

To return, however, to the happier days of the Empress Eugénie—to the days when the thoughts of war and revolution were for the moment far from France—there were various public fêtes given in honour of the marriage of Napoleon III., and of these perhaps none were more attractive than those of Boulogne. We were passing through that town at the time, and I remember the amusement with which I witnessed a great public ball given in honour of the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, at which both were present, to which the *poissonnières*—the fish-women—of Boulogne were invited, and at which they appeared in their gala dress, consisting of a blue serge Bayadère skirt, a white lace apron—ruffles, stomacher, and cap to match—long gold earrings, with gold cross and chain, which was generally most becoming.

How different is such a costume from the motley and tawdry finery which, upon such an occasion, would have been worn by women of the lower classes in England! A national or provincial costume is surely much to be desired for the peasantry of any country; and this not only from an artistic or picturesque

point of view, but because the preservation of certain heirlooms, such as gold ornaments and real lace, which form parts of hereditary and unalterable costumes, each one peculiar to the class and country to which on the Continent it belongs, is conservative likewise of the character of their wearers; for they are under no temptation to buy trashy adornments, neither is it possible for them, while ostensibly pursuing a path of virtue, to imitate the fugitive fashions of the upper classes.

At Boulogne, the Emperor opened the ball with the prettiest *poissonnière* in the room. She was quite the belle of the place, and would have been a charming study for the pencil of Watteau or of Boucher. A gay time was that for Boulogne. Festoons of flowers were strung up high overhead in the streets; and every house was draped with tricolour flags. Joyous cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice!" resounded. But amid, or rather behind, the enthusiastic crowd, some *bonnets rouges*, still furious against the Emperor for the Coup d'Etat, were lurking dangerously; and I did hear that one person, a Republican doctor, sta-

tioned himself at a window during one whole day, with the intention of shooting the Emperor as he passed.

It is possible, indeed, that His Majesty received intimation of a plot, for, despite the programme, the flowers, the flags, and the seeming enthusiasm, he did not drive through the town in the way originally arranged, but, with the Empress, left next morning early for Paris, not, however, I believe, before he had paid a visit to the tame eagle he had left behind him on the last occasion that he had been at Boulogne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO FRANCE — THE DUC DE MORNY—DR. VERON—AMERICAN LADIES—LORD AND LADY G.—LADY G. AT THE CALEDONIAN BALL—SORROW FROM SEBASTOPOL—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN IN PARIS—PREPARATIONS FOR HER RECEPTION—LEGENDS AND MEMORIES OF ST. CLOUD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the chapters preceding this, I have described some few memories of the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to England, and I now briefly recall the time of the visit of the Queen to France.

Although the Paris season was over at the date fixed for that visit of Her Majesty, Parisians still lingered in their capital, because everybody who had a chance of doing so was eager to catch sight of Queen Victoria.

The Tuileries' balls had not yet begun, but a great many smaller receptions were given by various personages of official or social importance, and ministerial preparations were made on a grand scale for the reception of Her Majesty.

We were indebted for many pleasant evenings to the hospitality of the Comte (afterwards Duc) de Morny, whose attachment to the Emperor is well-known.

It was he who helped to bring about the Coup d'Etat, and most persons familiar with the aspect of France some few years ago, whether at the *courses* of the Champ de Mars, or at Chantilly, in the Bois de Boulogne, or elsewhere, will remember that celebrated statesman and speculator, *cette grande figure osseuse, maigre, ironique, au sérieux impassible,* behind or beside whom the notorious Dr. Véron, who bore the sobriquet of *Capitaine,* used to appear, as has been elsewhere observed, like Sancho Panza in attendance upon Don Quixote. Under the Restoration the existence of the then young De Morny was but little known, as the first Napoleon had refused to recognise his relationship to Queen Hortense; but after the Revolution of July, 1830, the Comte de Flahault introduced him into the world of Paris, and took such measures that De Morny subsequently distinguished himself in one of the African regiments in the campaign of Mascara, etc.

He was not then married to the amiable and charming lady who afterwards bore his name, who was destined to weep the bitter tears of a premature widowhood, and who is

now, after a long period of seclusion in consequence of it, re-married to a well-known Spanish nobleman; but the entertainments he gave were very magnificent and brilliant in their character; all the more so because they were generally graced by the presence of many beautiful women from various countries.

Among these was a number of American ladies; and, contrary to the prevalent idea in Europe as to the transitory nature of transatlantic loveliness, I well remember one of them —though I forget her name—who looked quite as young and quite as handsome as either of her two grown-up and exceedingly attractive daughters. She seemed on the best terms with them, danced as much as they did, and not less gracefully, and with them shared universal admiration.

Even my old friend, Lady G——, who was usually present at the Duc de Morny's fêtes and balls, and who was not always most charitable in her remarks on people whom she met there or elsewhere—could find nothing either scandalous or ridiculous in a mother thus forming one of three graces; but, nevertheless, Lady G——, who considered herself very clever,

and who had succeeded in frightening her husband into that belief, was—to use her own words—accustomed to give people her opinion on subjects which they did not like.

Lord G——, her husband, whom she daily called a fool, was terribly afraid of her. He had resided forty years in Paris, and yet could not speak French decently. One evening he said to me—"My wife is no beauty in her nightcap, but she has a *bouche en arc-en-ciel,*"—meaning me to understand that she had a mouth, not like a rainbow, as he expressed it, but like Cupid's bow.

I mention this mistake of Lord G——'s, to account beforehand for the one very bad pun which he once made, and which, as it was an ill-natured one, gained him the momentary reputation of a wit. It was a pun on the name of Madame Le H——, who, at that time, used to do the honours of the Comte de Morny's house. Assisted by her daughter, who, unlike most young ladies of her class in France, was present at evening entertainments, Madame Le H—— so ably presided over them that I was led to make various remarks con-

cerning her to Lady G——; but one evening the latter exclaimed—

"Johnny" (meaning Lord G.) "once said a clever thing, and this clever thing was that the lady you speak of mispronounces her own name, for she ought to be called Madame La Honte."

After this I am scarcely sorry to record that Lady G—— herself was subsequently put to a sort of shame in London, as one of the Lady Patronesses of the Caledonian Ball; for, upon that occasion, when she went to speak to Lady Jersey and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, the latter of whom she had not seen for many years, they were for the first few minutes kind enough in their conversation with her, but after a time she found herself left entirely alone, though seated in the chair of honour, a large crimson fauteuil, and looking, as she herself afterwards declared, like a fool; "but," she explained, "they left me in such a position because I gave them my opinion on subjects which they did not like."

Nor was this the only time when Lady G—— was subjected to mortification; for, once in Paris, when she was at a dinner-party, and

seated by the *Ministre de la Guerre*, she began to talk to him in somewhat doubtful, or, rather, less than doubtful French, about the beautiful Countess Castiglione; until, at last, the Minister looked up in amazement and soliloqized loud enough for everbody to hear—"*Qu'est-ce que cette Chinoise me radote?*"

The reason why he nicknamed Lady G—— the "Chinese woman" was because, it being then the fashion to have the hair dragged off the face, her hair was pulled back from her forehead, leaving her face, which was thin, sallow, and certainly not of *la première jeunesse*, bared in such a way as to expose more than the one point of bloom upon it—namely, the tip of her nose.

At that time in Paris, I used often to meet Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the half-sister of the accomplished Lucy Drew. I had not seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick since she was a girl of seventeen, but even now, when she was a middle-aged woman, she was so charming in every way that I, who had known her sister, could still perceive the effects of the love and care she had lavished on her. But though Paris was gay with the expectation of the Queen's visit, Mrs. Fitzpatrick

went just then but little into general society, for her eldest daughter had not long since been left a widow, and was inconsolable for her loss. Her husband had been fearfully wounded at Sebastopol, and before he could be carried to the hospital, had literally died for want of water. Brand and rum were there in abundance to give him, but—parched by the fever of his suffering condition—it was for water that he craved, and this was not to be had.

Upon the day of Her Majesty's arrival in Paris, the streets were crowded from an early hour with provincials, who had flocked from far and near to behold her, and who had taken up their stand upon the pavements, behind rows of boys—*gamins de Paris*—who, like their London confraternity, have their own peculiar characteristics. The provincials had provided themselves with huge baskets of provisions; the gamins cracked their jokes; and, as the day wore on, the Boulevards grew gay with the various hues of ladies' dresses; all the houses, from their tall roofs downwards, seemed teeming with life, and eager faces peeped forth from every window. The allied colours of France and England were floating in various directions,

and especially in that of the International Palace of Industry, while thousands of workmen were ready to present their several petitions, and stood prepared to avail themselves of the permission, previously accorded, to fall behind the Royal and Imperial cortége when it should appear in sight.

Good-humour prevailed everywhere, but when midday had passed, and the afternoon advanced, there was a growing feeling of disappointment, and a fear that the twilight might prevent Her Majesty from getting a full view of the gigantic triumphal arches under which she had to pass, to say nothing of innumerable other tasteful and symbolic preparations in honour of her arrival.

Allegorical figures and decorations were abundant, and many were the festooned repetitions of the words—words not without an important political meaning—of "Welcome to France!" "Hurrah for Queen Victoria!"

She came at last; trumpets heralded her approach and further progress through Paris towards the château of St. Cloud; cheers long and loud rent the air, and although the day had declined so as perhaps to prevent Her

Majesty's full appreciation of all the public preparations that were intended to greet her, the people of Paris all expressed themselves enthusiastically pleased with her peculiarly gracious mode of bowing to them in response to their acclamations.

It was not until half-past nine o'clock in the evening that the Queen arrived at St. Cloud, where she was received, at the foot of the grand staircase, by the Empress and her suite.

The next morning, when walking in the grounds, the Queen, I heard was especially struck with the extraordinary structure of the celebrated bridge, concerning which a legend exists that the builder of it, being unable to finish his work by the time Henri II. had named, invoked aid from the lower regions. In answer to this invocation Lucifer himself appeared, and offered to complete the bridge by the time appointed, if he might possess himself of the first living thing that should venture to step upon it. The builder consented, and a beautiful bridge of stone sprang up in place of the old wooden one which had preceded it; but the supposed architect, taking care not to step upon it him-

self, cast a cat upon it as soon as the structure was completed, and Lucifer, though enraged at being thus outwitted, was compelled to abide by his "bargain," and, it is said, carried off the cat.

Whatever may have been the origin of this obscure old legend, it is quite certain that the château of St. Cloud abounded in curious traditions and various historical memories of interest. There it was that the hermit, Saint Cloud (son of Clovis and Clothilde, first Christian King and Queen of France), founded a monastery, which was afterwards superseded by a palace which bore his name. There it was that money-lenders, not less than monks, congregated, at and before the time of Henri II. of France, and that the great Italian banker, Jérôme Gondi, had often the honour of receiving Catherine de' Medici in his princely château; for St. Cloud had become a favourite retreat for royalty in the time of Catherine de' Medici, and was frequented by that Queen and her Court, when weary of the splendour of the Louvre or of Fontainebleau, at a date before the Tuileries had risen into fame.

In the time of Louis XIV., the lands of

St. Cloud were conferred upon his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, about the date of the marriage of the latter with Henrietta, daughter of the martyred Charles I. of England; and it was at St. Cloud that this princess, dear both to France and England, breathed her last. It was in the month of June, when the upland woods were in all their beauty, that Louis XIV. was summoned to St. Cloud by the intelligence of her mortal agony. Without, on that Summer day, the Seine was winding its way through the fertile country stretching towards Paris, though as yet the Parc de St. Cloud, laid out by Le Nôtre, the cascades, the temple, the *orangerie*, and other beauties, which, at a subsequent period rendered famous the retreat of the hermit-saint of old—the palace of modern times—were things perhaps planned, but not achieved. Louis XIV., when he beheld his dying kinswoman, manifested such concern at her condition—the result, it is supposed, of poison—that the courtiers, who up to that time had scarcely believed in her danger, became ominously silent; and at a later hour the voice of Bishop Bossuet, the great preacher and orator, proclaimed the astound-

ing news—"Madame is dying—Madame is dead!"

But, sad as was this event, it did not dim the lustre of the royal fêtes given at St. Cloud at a later date when the Duc d'Orléans, father of "Egalité," resided there, and when Louis XV. was King of France. One of these fêtes is recorded as an illustration of regal splendour almost unknown in modern times; and as the people were admitted to as much of it as was to be seen outdoors, citizens of Paris then and there beheld the King and his Court from Versailles, when the former was still the "well-beloved" of his subjects, sustained not only by their belief in his heroism, but by their faith in his divine right.

CHAPTER XIX.

PURCHASE OF ST. CLOUD BY MARIE ANTOINETTE — MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MIRABEAU—THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT ST. CLOUD—ROYAL FUGITIVES AT ST. CLOUD—VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO ST. GERMAIN — LUNCHEON AT LA MUETTE — QUEEN VICTORIA THE GUEST OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT VERSAILLES.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN 1785 the Château de St. Cloud passed into other hands, for the pecuniary embarrassments of the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité) were by that time such that he was not less glad to sell it to Queen Marie Antoinette than she was to purchase it of him, for by its acquisition she hoped to rid herself of a neighbour who was more than suspected by her of conspiring against the crown. Wherefore, for five years before the Revolution forced Marie Antoinette, against her will, to take up her abode at the Tuileries, St. Cloud was her favourite residence, it being less fantastic in style than the Trianon, and less magnificent than Versailles. It was there, in the Summer of 1790, that the Queen secretly summoned Mirabeau to a private conference with her, in a remote part of the grounds. Events had proved to Her Majesty that "he was the only man capable of directing

affairs' in such a manner as to restrain the political factions of his time within the limits their various leaders hoped to pass;" and though formerly she had distrusted and detested him as a politician, yet when she found herself scarcely more than a prisoner under surveillance in her own palace, she sent for him. In reply to the private message of the Queen, who had not long since shuddered at the mention of his name, Mirabeau rode forth from Paris to confer with her face to face, having previously removed the suspicions of his partisans as to what he was about to do.

It was twilight when Mirabeau reached St. Cloud, and there Queen Marie Antoinette anxiously awaited him beneath the shadow of some large trees, in a spot distant from the Château, and yet within reach of aid, if necessary, for Madame Campan was her confidante upon this occasion.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more curious contrast than that between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau. His massive head, his tiger-like face, marked with small-pox, his powerful bearing, and overwhelming energy. were all the more remarkable from

their comparison with the finely chiselled features, the graceful form, and seductive elegance of the Queen, who, at that moment, when she stood face to face with him in the garden of St. Cloud, was animated by the hope that she had found means to subdue him. According to Her Majesty's own after-account of that interview, she opened it by saying to him—"Before an ordinary enemy, before a man who could have pledged himself to the ruin of the monarchy without justly appreciating the utility of that institution to a great people, I should at this moment stand in a most misjudged position; but when a Queen speaks to a Mirabeau! . . . ."

And Marie Antoinette was not without reason when she flattered herself that "the plebeian Count," the man standing before her, would be overcome by those subtly suggestive words—"a Mirabeau!" for ere the shades of that memorable evening shut her out from his sight, he had sworn to her—"Madame, the monarchy is saved." But, when Mirabeau's death prevented the fulfilment of that loyal vow, the Queen must have experienced something like despair, being herself in constant

danger of assassination at St. Cloud, and surrounded by treachery, though sympathy for her and devotion to her cause were not extinct. On the noon of one hot Summer's day, and at an hour when the Royal household (formed chiefly of spies upon her every action), was least likely to be upon its guard, about fifty people, villagers and country folks in the neighbourhood, ventured to assemble, in token of their loyalty, upon the lawn beneath the windows of Her Majesty's apartments.

Some of these people were arrayed in bright holiday-clothes, some of them were aged Chevaliers of Malta in retreat, some of them were Knights of St. Louis; but there they were, young men and maidens, old men and women, —a motley group, but all gazing up at the Queen's windows with an expression of devotion and reverence, until at length the confused though subdued murmur of their voices induced her to step forward in curiosity and look out.

In a moment, as by an electric thrill, she felt the meaning of the scene before her, and at once advanced on the balcony to bow her grateful recognition of it; but when her eyes

encountered the upturned looks of sympathy, she was overcome, and her emotion was evident. The sight of her tears evoked a mingled awe and pity; the people, hushed into silence, looked at each other; and then from fifty loyal hearts arose the murmur,—"Poor Queen! she weeps!"

The Empress Joséphine, in the subsequent years of her own fleeting happiness at St. Cloud, remembered how Marie Antoinette had smiled before she wept there; and it was, perhaps, out of reverence for the memory entertained by the first Consort of the first Emperor of the French for the last Queen of France, that Napoleon III. caused many of the old sites about St. Cloud to retain their Royal appellations; and as these appellations have never been obliterated, it cannot but be remembered how, after the Restoration, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Marie Antoinette, had again, after long years of exile, to take up her abode in that palace where much of her childhood was passed ere she became "the Orphan of the Temple."

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, the "*Filia Dolorosa*" of France, as she has been called,

was childless; but when the Revolution of 1830 broke out in Paris, she was one of the first to render justice to the energetic conduct of her lighter-hearted sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Berry, in behalf of the son of the latter, the Comte de Chambord. The Royal Family of France was then at St. Cloud; and elsewhere, in the course of these reminiscences, it has been told how the widowed Duchesse de Berry, feeling that the flight of every moment was carrying away with it the chances of her son for the future, importuned his grandfather, Charles X., to allow her to start thence for Paris, there to appeal to the infuriated populace; and it has also been told how, when the King refused to sanction this courageous proposal, the Princess who had made it was forced to wait at St. Cloud until her worst fears were confirmed; for while she, the mother of the heir to the throne, was looking towards the Tuileries, his birth-place, the white Fleur-de-lis banner of the Bourbons disappeared from the flag-staff of that palace, and from that time to this their direct descendant has been an exile. The Duchesse de Berry, accompanied

by her son, then about ten years of age, was reluctantly compelled to join in the subsequent flight of Charles X.

Eighteen years afterwards, again did Royal fugitives find themselves at St. Cloud in a way that could scarcely fail to remind the then dethroned Louis Philippe how his predecessor had fled thence when he himself was proclaimed King in his stead. In hired conveyances some members of the Orléans branch of the Royal Family of France arrived at St. Cloud in 1848, after escaping from the Tuileries; and, ere quitting France, Queen Marie Amélie, the deposed Queen of the French, niece of Queen Marie Antoinette, and cousin of the then again long-exiled Duchesse d'Angoulême, paused, it is said, at Dreux, to pray at the tombs of those of her children who, by death in early youth, had been spared the long exile from which she herself was to return no more.

Such were some of the memories which could scarcely fail to recur to the mind of Queen Victoria at St. Cloud; and it may be added that to me these are memories of special interest, considering how the fortunes of my family have been involved in those of

the various Royal personages to whom such reminiscences belong.

From St. Cloud the Royal and Imperial party went on a visit to St. Germain, the last residence of James II. Her Majesty went through the fine forest where my father used to ride in attendance upon Marie Antoinette. Afterwards Queen Victoria entered the palace, and visited not only all the apartments that had been occupied by King James II., but those also which had been appropriated by him to my ancestor, the Earl of Melfort, and in which my earliest recollections dawn.

Her Majesty manifested an especial interest in the Oratory where the exiled monarch was wont to pass much of his time; and such was her just appreciation of the park, the forest, and the fine terrace of St. Germain, with the splendid and varied view commanded from the latter, that she and the Prince Consort were, I am informed, tempted to make several sketches.

At the Château de la Muette, whence the Royal and Imperial party drove to the hunting lodge of that name in the midst of the forest, the pencils of the illustrious visitors from

England were again in requisition; and here, while they took luncheon, a band played various pieces, selections from operas, flowers having previously been thrown at the feet of the Queen by a number of young girls dressed in white. But it was at the Palace of Versailles that the last evening of that royal visit was spent, and thither upon that occasion I had the honour to be invited, for at the time we were staying in the neighbourhood with an old friend of ours, the Comtesse de Boursonne.

In the Salle des Miroirs Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie were seated. The Prince of Wales, in Highland dress, was also there. The Queen and the Empress occupied raised seats, but amid their brilliant *entourage* of illustrious celebrities, the Princess Royal was especially remarkable. How little at that moment could she imagine that not very many years afterwards, when she herself would be one of the Royal Family of Prussia by marriage, the head-quarters of the Prussians, at war with France, would be in the very palace amid the gay scenes of which she herself at that time shone conspicuously!

I need scarcely remind the reader that

the Palace of Versailles was so sacked during the Revolution which closed the eighteenth century, that no monarch since seated on the throne of France has undertaken to restore it, though grand fêtes have from time to time been given there, by one of the most memorable of which the *Musée National* was inaugurated in the reign of Louis Philippe.

Indeed the very name of Versailles, like the portraits and pictures hanging upon the walls of its lofty saloons and vast galleries, evokes a panorama of memory from early times until now.

The innumerable and fantastic fireworks outside, displayed in honour of the Queen's visit, presented a brilliant attraction; and when an illuminated transparency of Windsor Castle appeared, greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of the people crowding the grounds of Versailles, and accompanied by the national anthem of England, the delight of the spectators was unbounded.

How unforeseen at that moment was the destination (in 1870) of the palaces of St. Cloud, St. Germain, and Versailles! Who could have foretold that the splendid and

gilded picture-galleries of Versailles,—galleries that night so illumined that they looked like fairyland,—would ever become, as they afterwards were, the wards of an immense hospital echoing but the groans of the sick and wounded. And St. Germain, that half-ruined but still stately abode of the exiled Stuart monarchs of England in the time of the "Grand Monarque" of France — who could have predicted that that château also would, be turned into a hospital for the victims of one of the most bitter wars ever known since the date of Christianity—the synonym of a higher civilization!

When the National Anthem of England echoed through the woods of Versailles, and when the illuminations in honour of the great Peace Alliance between France and England were reflected in the sparkling fountains, none there could have believed that, ere many years were past, the neighbouring woods of St. Cloud would be pierced by cannon-balls, that the trees would whistle with the murderous bullets of soldiers lying in ambush beneath them, that the boudoir of the Empress Eugénie, and the flower-gardens where the now-

exiled Prince Impérial was wont to amuse himself, would be occupied by soldiers exposed at any moment to be launched into eternity by shot hurled from the other side of the Seine, and that the château of St. Cloud itself would be burnt down to the ground,—its stately walls being now a heap of ruins.

CHAPTER XX.

POLITICAL CHANGES IN FRANCE—EXISTING PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT—M. THIERS—HIS POLICY—RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT MONARCHY—THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD—THE RED, THE TRICOLOURED, OR THE WHITE FLAG—POSSIBLE DENOUEMENT OF THE DRAMA.

CHAPTER XX.

SINCE the collapse of the "Monarchy of the Middle Classes," in 1848, France seems to have faithfully reproduced all the scenes, with the exception of the *dénouement*, of the drama she played out at the end of the last and beginning of the current century. A Republic has once more given place to an Empire, and the *régime* of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity has again been superseded by the *régime* of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. The downfall of the Second, as of the First Empire, has been caused or hastened by foreign hostility, and has been consummated amid national disaster and humiliation. With my memories and associations the question whether the historical parallel is destined to still further development, can scarcely fail to be one of deep and peculiar interest.

The primary aspirations of all with French

blood in their veins, must be to see France wipe out the stain of conquest from her escutcheon, and regain her former position in Europe. As compared with the attainment of these objects, the choice of government or rulers she may make will always be of secondary importance. That her present weakness and abasement will be permanent, or even prolonged, those who recollect the events of 1814 and 1815, and what followed on them, will be the least inclined to believe. I remember a time when France was passing through trials almost, if not quite, as severe as those she has recently experienced, when it was seriously contemplated by statesmen that she should be partitioned like Poland, or consecrated to perpetual neutrality, like Belgium. And, within a very short period afterwards, I have seen her one of the most powerful members, and certainly the most influential, of the European family of nations. I cannot, therefore, entertain any doubt that France will speedily again find herself a Great Power, whether as a Republic, an Empire, or a Monarchy.

It appears to be universally admitted that the existing French Government is not merely

provisional in name, but essentially provisional in nature. It has indeed, now, for nearly two years, managed to maintain some degree of order and to secure to the country an interval of breathing time for the recovery of a portion of her material prosperity. But it is destitute of any permanent element of stability. It embodies no principle, and it appeals to no sentiment. At best it is regarded as a makeshift which it is impossible for Frenchmen to respect, and as a compromise which it is very difficult for Frenchmen to understand.

M. Thiers, who, both as a writer and a politician, has done so much to arouse the *animus* which has resulted in such disastrous consequences to his country, in no sense represents the people at large, or even a considerable part of the people. He is distrusted and hated by the Democrats. By all sections of the Royalists he is contemplated with mingled feelings of fear, suspicion, and animosity. He is at issue with the Moderate Republicans on most of the leading questions of his foreign and financial policy. The peasantry in the provinces are indifferent to him, for they are scarcely aware of his existence; and the work-

men in the towns are hostile to him, for they hold him responsible for the suppression of the social movement they have come to identify with their cause. The *bourgeoisie* detest his rule as fatal to the interests of trade, and openly lament the extravagance, the luxurious corruption, and the large profits of the system it has supplanted. To liberty, as it is understood in England, the Government of M. Thiers is quite as unfavourable as the government of the Empire or the Restoration. The right of public meeting is withheld. The Press is by turns gagged and bribed. The Chamber, although it is more noisy, is practically not less servile than it was under the management of the Duc de Persigny, or the dictation of the Prince de Polignac. M. Thiers is maintained in power by the weakness of all parties, and will remain in power so long only as there is no party strong enough to displace him. But, thus much being allowed, the problem is to determine what is to succeed the indefinite and negative *régime* over which M. Thiers presides.

I confess that I am not without strong hopes of a coming restoration of the ancient Monarchy of France in the person of the

Comte de Chambord. Henri V., of all the candidates for supreme authority in France, has never condescended to become a plotter, or sought to regain his rights by the sacrifice of his principles. He has repeatedly declared that he would never intrigue, that he would never conspire for the throne, that he would patiently await the time when Providence should recall him to France by the voice of the nation. And he has nobly adhered to the line of conduct he thus laid down for himself. By inviting him to assume the crown of his ancestors only can France hope to restore continuity to her history, or to base the foundations of her institutions on anything more secure than the uncertain sanction of universal suffrage or universal suffrance. The red flag is indissolubly associated with the worst of her crimes and follies. The tricolour has been twice the emblem of oppression at home and disgrace abroad. Under the white flag the most glorious and most dignified period of her national existence was passed, and it alone of her banners has never been steeped in the blood of her sons, or trampled in the dust by her enemies.

APPENDIX.

ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

THE following account of the escape of Prince Charles Edward after Culloden was written by Captain O'Neil, an officer in his service, who remained in constant attendance upon him. It was begun on the field of battle, and continued at intervals until the Prince's safety was entrusted to the care of Flora Macdonald. The record is inscribed on six playing cards—the ten, eight, and four of diamonds, and the eight, three, and ace of hearts—each divided into three parts. The originals are in the possession of Miss Stanley Constable, of Otley, to whom they have descended from Macdonald of Keppoch, who was beheaded for his adherence to the Stuart cause. As the account has never been printed before, I am tempted to append it here.

MS. Account of Prince Charles's Retreat and Escape after the 16th of April, 1746.

April 15th, O.S., 1746, His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, marched his army, in three columns, from Culloden Muir, to surprise the Duke

of Cumberland in his camp at Nairn, ordering at the same time 2000 men to pass the river Nairn, and post themselves between Elgin and the camp of the enemy. To deceive the ships who were in Inverness Roads, we made several fires on the mountain, where we drew up in battle order, and at eight o'clock at night we began our march, and about two o'clock next morning, the 16th of April, within a mile of the enemy, our van halted. His Royal Highness, who marched in the centre, despatched an aide-de-camp to know the motive of the halt. Colonel O'Sullivan, who marched in the van, immediately hastened to the Prince, and told him Lord George Murray and some other chieftains, as they wanted some of their men, did not think themselves sufficiently strong to attack the enemy, and, upon a strong belief the Duke of Cumberland was apprised of their design, refused to advance [a blank, evidently a word effaced with penknife]—O'Sullivan made use of to engage them to the contrary. Upon this, His Royal Highness advanced to the head of the columns, where, assembling the chiefs, in the most pathetic manner and the strongest terms demonstrated to them the visible and real advantage they had of an enemy who thought themselves secure of any such attempt, and, descending from his horse, drew his sword, and told them he would head them to an enemy they had as often defeated as seen. But, deaf to his example and entreaties, the master part declined, which so sensibly shocked the Prince that, remounting his horse, he told them with tears dropping from his eyes, that he did not regret his own loss so much as their in-

evitable ruin. We immediately marched back to our camp at Culloden, where we arrived at five in the morning.

At ten o'clock we were informed that the Duke of Cumberland was in full march towards us. The Prince, on such report, gave the necessary orders for the attack, riding from rank to rank, encouraging his troops, and exhorting them to behave as they had done formerly at Preston Pans and Falkirk; and between twelve and one we began the attack, and engaged the enemy, the Prince commanding in the centre. Our right wing immediately broke the left of the enemy, but their flank being exposed to nine squadrons of horse, who attacked them whilst in pursuit of the foot, put them into so much confusion that they instantly dispersed, the Prince galloping to the right, and endeavouring to rally them, but to no purpose: he had his horse shot under him. The left followed the example of the right, which drew an entire flight, malgré all the Prince could do to animate or rather rally them; he remained upon the field of battle until there were no hopes left, and then could scarce be persuaded to retire, ordering the Irish picquets and Fitz-James's Horse to make a stand, in order to favour the retreat of the Highlanders, which was happily effected.

Previous to the battle, His Royal Highness did order the chieftains that, in case of a defeat, as the Highlanders could not retreat as Regular troops, that they should assemble their men near Fort Augustus, in consequence of which, immediately after the battle, the Prince dispatched me to Inver-

ness to repeat his orders to such of his troops as were there. That night the Prince retired six miles from the field of battle, and next day arrived at Fort Augustus, where he remained all that day, in expectation his troops would have joined him; but seeing no appearance of it, he went to the house of Invergary, and ordered me to remain there, to direct such as passed that way the road His Royal Highness took. I remained there two days, and did the Prince's orders to such as I met; but to no effect, every one taking his own road. I then followed the Prince, who was so far from making a precipitate retreat that he retired by six and six miles, and arrived the 26th April, Old Style, at Kirlvidart, or Kirkvidart (I don't know which), where I joined him next day, and gave him an account of the little appearance there was of his assembling his troops. Upon which he wrote circular letters to all the chieftains, enjoining them, by the obedience they owed him, to join him immediately with such of their clans as they could possibly gather together, at the same time representing to them the imminent danger they were in if they neglected it. After remaining some days there, in hope his orders would have been obeyed, and seeing not one person resort to him, it was remonstrated to him the extreme danger of his person, being within seven miles of Lord Lothian, Sir Alexander McDonald, and the McLeods, and was proposed (to E. it on 60 E. it, I don't know which) to retreat to one of the Islands near the Continent.

After repeated instances of the like nature, he reluctantly assented, leaving Mr. John Hay behind

to transmit him the answers of his letters, with an account of what passed, and parted for the isle, in an open boat, at eight at night, accompanied by Colonel O'Sullivan and me. About an hour after we parted a violent hurricane arose, which drove us ninety miles from our intended port; and next day, running for shelter into the island of North Uist, struck upon a rock and stove to pieces, and with great difficulty saved our lives.

At our landing we were in a most melancholy situation, knowing nobody, and wanting the common necessaries of life. After much search we found a little hut, uninhabited, and took shelter there, and with great difficulty made a fire to dry our clothes. Here we remained for two days, having no other provision but a few biscuits we had saved out of the boat, which was entirely spoiled with the salt water. As this island belonged to Sir Alexander McDonald, and not judging ourselves safe, we determined going elsewhere; and, by the greatest good fortune, one of our boatmen discovered a boat stranded on the coast, and having with great difficulty launched it in the water, we embarked for the Harry's. In our passage we unfortunately met another storm, which obliged us to put in an island near S . . . . way.

Next day the Prince dispatched me for the Harry's to look out for a ship, ordering me to embark on board the first I could get, and to make the most diligent haste, after my landing on the Continent, to the Court of France, enjoining me to give an exact account to His Most Christian Majesty of his disaster, and of his resolution never

to abandon the country until he knew the final result of France, and if it's possible once more to assemble his faithful Highlanders.

Unluckily, the person his Royal Highness sent with me, getting drunk, told the master of the ship somewhat that induced him to refuse taking me on board, and immediately alarmed the country, which obliged me to retreat and join the Prince, who, upon what I told him, resolved for the Continent, by the way of Seafort's country. But the boatmen absolutely refused, which made us take the road we came, and, meeting with three ships of war, were constrained to retire to a desert island, where we remained eight days in the greatest misery, having no sustenance but dried fish Providence threw on this island. When the ships disappeared we put to sea, and next morning we met with another just running out of one of the loughs, who pursued us for near an hour; but the wind rising, we made our escape. In the afternoon we arrived at the Island of Benbick, and one of the boatmen being acquainted with a herd of the island, we all went to his house, where, passing for friends of the boatman's, we remained four days, and then the Prince sent the boat to the Continent, with a Highland gentleman whom he charged with letters for the Chief's secretary, &c., John Murray, and John Hay, requiring an exact account how affairs stood. Not thinking ourselves secure in the cottage, by the advice of a friend we retired to the mountains of Corrodale, to wait the return of the gentleman, where we remained twenty-two days.

When the gentleman returned with a letter from Secretary Murray, importing that the clans had almost all delivered up themselves and arms, and consequently no more to be depended on, he likewise acquainted his Royal Highness of three French ships which had arrived at the Continent with money and arms, in whom the Duke of Perth, his brothers, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and John Hay, had embarked for France. Here we remained some days longer, till the Duke of Cumberland, having intelligence the Prince was concealed in the Long Isles, ordered the Militia of the Isle of Skye and the Independent Companies to go in search of him. As soon as we had notice of their landing we retreated to an island about twelve miles distant, called Hoga, where we remained till we found they had followed us: we then went for Lough Boistall, and stayed there for eight days, when Captain Carrolina Scot landed within a mile of us, which obliged us to separate, the Prince and me taking to the mountains, and Colonel O'Sullivan remaining with the boatmen.

At nightfall we marched towards Benbecula. Being informed Scot had ordered the Militia to come and join him, at midnight we came to a hut, where we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself whether the Independent Companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, No; and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her I had brought a friend to see her, and she, with some emotion,

asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in.

We then consulted on the immediate danger the Prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible as the young lady's stepfather, being captain of an Independent Company, would accord her a pass for herself and a servant to go and visit her mother. The Prince assented, and immediately proposed it to the young lady, to which she answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin. I endeavoured to obviate this by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country, and that she could, with the greatest facility, convey the Prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the waterside. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action; and she at length acquiesced, after the Prince had told her the sense he should always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint us next day when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Corrodale.

Next day, at four in the afternoon, we received a message from our protectress, telling all was well; we determined joining her immediately, but the messenger informed us we could not pass either of the fords that separated the island we were in from Benbicala, as they were both guarded. In this dilemma a man of the country tendered his boat

to us, which we readily accepted of, and next day landed at Benbecula, and immediately marched for Rushness, the place of rendezvous, where we arrived at midnight; and I, instead of our protectress, saw a guard of the enemy. We were constrained to retreat four miles, having eat nothing for thirty hours before.

The Prince ordered me to go to the lady's, and know the reason she did not keep her appointment. She told me she had engaged a cousin of hers in North Uist perhaps to receive him in his house, where she was sure he would be more safe than in the Isle of Skye. I immediately despatched a bag with this news to the Prince, and mentioned him the place of appointment. Whither his Royal Highness came, but the gentleman absolutely refused receiving us, alleging for a motive he was vassal to Sir Alexander Macdonald. In this unexpected exigence, being within a small half-mile of a captain and fifty men, we hastened for Rushness, being apprised that the enemy had just abandoned it.

The Prince sent me to acquaint Miss Flora Macdonald of our disappointment, and to entreat her to keep by her promise, as there was no time to lose. She faithfully promised next day. I remained with her that night, the Prince remaining at Rushness, attended by a little herd. Next day I accompanied Miss Flora to the rendezvous, where we had not long been when we had an account that General Campbell had just landed with 1500 men. We were now apprehensive we were betrayed, and instantly got to our boat, and put to another place,

whither we went at daybreak. We then dispatched a person to Clanronald's house to learn what news, who brought us word General Campbell was there with Colonel Ferguson, and that he saw Captain Scot's detachment coming to join them, and that they amounted in all to 2300 men.

The Prince desired the young lady that I should accompany him, but she absolutely refused it, having a pass but for one servant. His Royal Highness was so generous as to decline going unless I attended him, until I told him that if he made the least demur I would instantly go about my business, as I was extremely indifferent what became of myself, so as his person was safe; he at length embarked, attended only by Miss Flora Macdonald.

THE END.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018